NO. 44
PEP
DEC.
The SHIELD
AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE
10¢
I always get a BIG KICK out of ARCHIE
MLJ
MAGAZINE

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 22

THE BLACK HOOD IS ON THE AIR!

This is probably no news to any of you G-Man members. From the way the letters have been pouring into the radio station, it would seem that everybody and their relatives are enthusiastic Black Hood fans. Dusty and I have been listening to every program since our pal, the Hood, first hit the air-waves—and take it from us, gang—*he's terrific!*

We could rave on and on. But the easiest way to convince yourselves is to tune in on him. The Hood's on every night, Monday to Friday, on the Mutual Broadcasting System. You'll find he's the same two-fisted he-man we've known and loved in TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS for so many years.

One more thing before Dusty and I say so-long. How's about you G-Man members dropping a line to Station WOR, N. Y. C., N. Y.? Tell 'em how much you like the Black Hood. He'd sure appreciate it. And so would Dusty and I. It'd sure be nice to know all the pals the Hood made in TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS are rooting for him.

And besides, it's part of our G-Man club code to stick with our pals, isn't it?

Sincerely,
Joe Higgins
(the Shield)

Here are the latest honorary members to be enrolled in the G-Man Club.

HORACE THOMPSON
527 So. 12th Street
Paducah, Ky.

BURTON ATKINS
Ft. Stockton, Texas

MARILYN MUELLER
9901 W. Schlinger Avenue
West Allis 14, Wis.

KENNETH JAMES
607 W. Valley
Valley Park, Mo.

NANCY RANDLE
1021 63
Galveston, Texas

MARILYN TOBE
R. 1 Lovers Lane
Jeffersontown, Ky.

PETE POWELL
17 Second Avenue
Anderson, S. C.

VASCO NUNES
103 Magnolia Street
Newark 3, N. J.

RICHARD GARCIA
119 E. Main Street
Anadarko, Okla.

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:
Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... AGE .....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

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THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVE
in the GHOST GOES EAST
ONCE UPON A TIME, THE SHIELD AND DUSTY HAD NOTHING TO DO! SO THEY WENT TO VISIT A HAUNTED HOUSE! AND MET A VERY FRIENDLY GHOST! A MOST UNUSUAL GHOST···· WHO DIDN'T CARE MUCH FOR HAUNTING··· BUT WHO LOVED TO PAINT PICTURES! SOUNDS CRAZY, DOESN'T IT! BUT THEN, THIS IS A VERY CRAZY ADVENTURE! JUST KEEP READING YOU'LL SEE WHAT WE MEAN!
BY IRVING NOWICK

HARRY A. SHORTEN — EDITOR

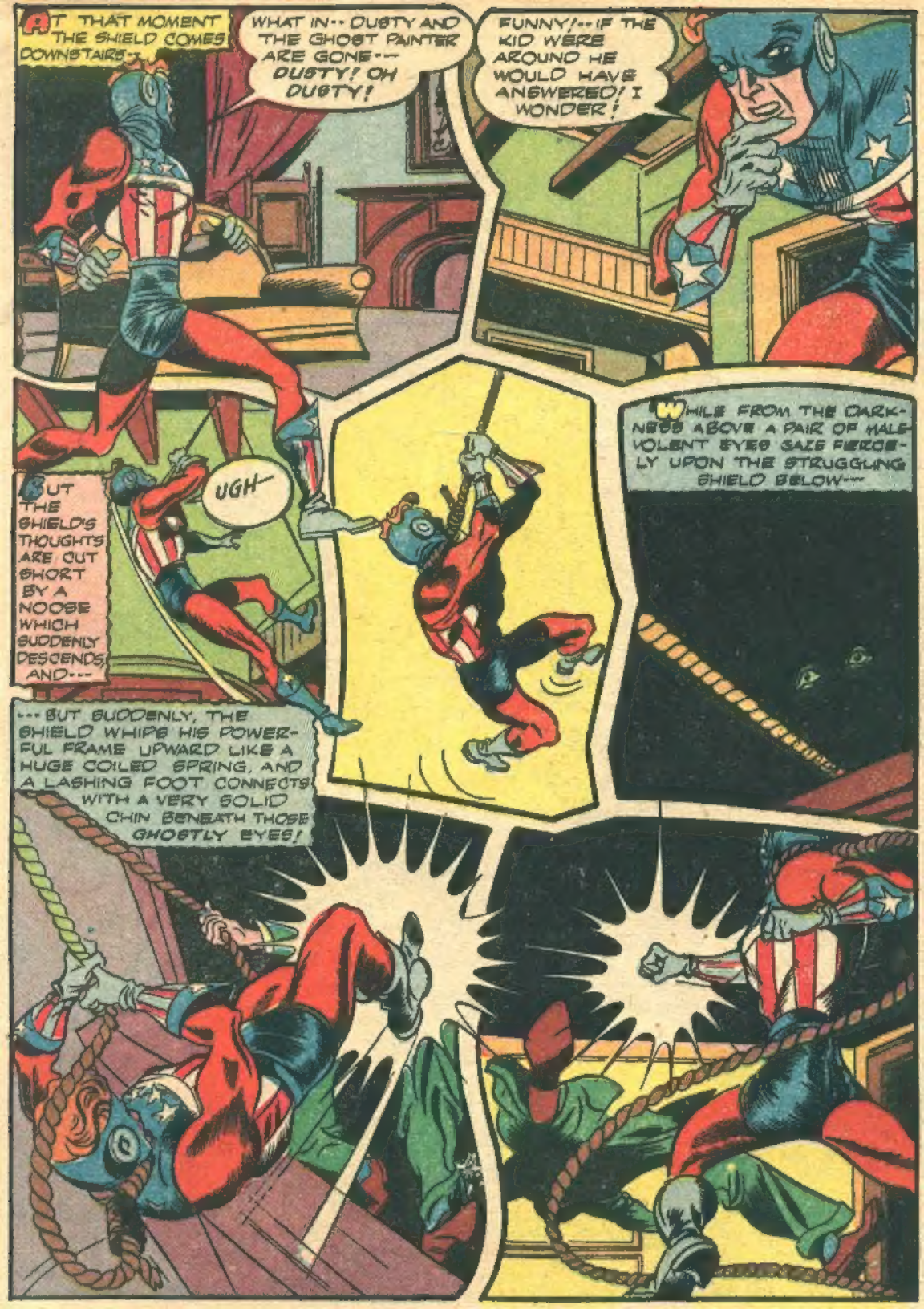
WOW! WOTTA NIGHT! NO USE GOING ANY FURTHER IN THIS WEATHER, DUSTY!
YEAH, JOE THE CHIEF COULD HAVE PICKED ON BETTER WEATHER TO DRAG US TO WASHINGTON!
SAY, MISTER! IS THERE A HOTEL HEREABOUTS WE COULD PUT UP FOR THE NIGHT!
NOPE, THERE'S ONLY ONE HOUSE FOR MILES AROUND!
GAS
IT'S UP ON THAT HILL! BUT YOU COULDN'T GET ME THERE FOR A MILLION BUCKS, NO SIREE! IT'S HAUNTED!
WELL, WE WON'T MIND PUTTING UP THERE -- IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH THE GHOST!
OKAY, GO AHEAD IF YOU WANT TO IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!
HA, HA -- IMAGINE ANYBODY BELIEVING IN GHOSTS IN THIS DAY AND AGE!
YEAH! BUT IF THERE ARE ANY GHOSTS AROUND, THEY SURE HAVE A SWELL NIGHT TO DO BUSINESS!
THERE'S THE PLACE NOW, JOE! WHEW! IT DOES LOOK SPOOKY, AT THAT!
HOLY COW! HEADLIGHTS! COMING RIGHT AT ME!
JOE! SWING YOUR WHEEL, QUICK!

WITH A SHARP SCREECH OF BRAKES AND GRINDING TIRES THE CAR SWERVES INTO A DITCH AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...
WHO'S THE MANIAC DRIVING THAT OTHER CAR!
WHAT THE SAM HILL! THERE IS NO OTHER CAR OUT HERE! LOOK OUT THERE, DUSTY!
AND IF WE'D SWERVED THE OTHER WAY THERE'S WHERE WE WOULD HAVE LANDED!
THOSE WERE OUR OWN HEADLIGHTS WE SAW REFLECTED IN THAT MIRROR!
OBVIOUSLY SOMEONE IS ANXIOUS TO KEEP VISITORS AWAY FROM THAT HOUSE!
AND THE SHIELD AND DUSTY ARE GONNA FIND OUT WHO THAT SOMEONE IS, EH?
RIGHT! STRIP FOR ACTION!
GHOST OR NO GHOST-- HERE WE COME!

WHEW!··· THIS JOINT LOOKS LIKE IT WAS BUILT IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR!
OH, OH! A LIGHT! LET'S INVESTIGATE!
WELL, I'LL BE··
WHO THE HECK IS THAT CHARACTER?
COME IN, GENTLEMEN, COME IN!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY LATEST PAINTING? A MASTERPIECE, ISN'T IT?
WHO ARE YOU! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PAINTING YOURSELF BEING HANGED!
ONE QUESTION AT A TIME PLEASE! FIRST I AM THE GHOST OF THIS HOUSE OF COURSE!
YOU·· YOU'RE THE WHAT!
THE GHOST! AS FOR THE PAINTING, I ALWAYS PAINT MYSELF EXACTLY THAT WAY! BEEN DOING IT NOW FOR 150 YEARS!

YOU SEE, I WAS HANGED IN THIS VERY HOUSE AT THAT TIME--AND SINCE I LOVED TO DABBLE WITH A BRUSH WHEN I WAS ALIVE, I DECIDED TO TAKE IT UP AGAIN INSTEAD OF THE USUAL HAUNTING BUSINESS!
I USE MYSELF AS A MODEL! YOU SEE MY BODY IS STILL HANGING IN THE ATTIC!
YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT!
WHY DON'T YOU GO UPSTAIRS AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!
YOU'RE DARNED RIGHT I WILL!
G..GOOD GOSH!
IT..IT IS HIM! BUT HOW---- WHA--- WHO--- MAYBE I'M GOING NUTS!
WAIT A MINUTE! IF THIS GUY'S BEEN HANGING FOR 150 YEARS, HOW IS HIS BODY SO WELL PRESERVED?
SO YOU DIED 150 YEARS AGO! HOW NICE!
NICE! WHAT'S SO NICE ABOUT HANGING! IT'S VERY UNPLEASANT, I ASSURE YOU!

SUDDENLY--
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA,
WHAT WAS THAT?
SAY!--WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND---HOLY JOE!---NOW THE PAINTER'S DISAPPEARED!
I'M BEGINNING NOT TO LIKE THIS PLACE VERY MUCH! I'M NOT SCARED OR ANYTHING--BUT YA CAN'T FIGHT WHAT YA CAN'T SEE!
WHILE THE SHIELD'S UPSTAIRS I'LL PROWL AROUND AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!
HMM--MAYBE IT'S MY IMAGINATION--BUT I HAVE A FEELING THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THIS ROOM WITH ME!
SWISH-H-H-H
OH WELL, I'LL JUST KEEP ON LOOKING!
WHA--A TRAP DOOR!


AT THAT MOMENT THE SHIELD COMES DOWNSTAIRS--
WHAT IN-- DUSTY AND THE GHOST PAINTER ARE GONE--- DUSTY! OH DUSTY!
FUNNY!--IF THE KID WERE AROUND HE WOULD HAVE ANSWERED! I WONDER!
BUT THE SHIELD'S THOUGHTS ARE CUT SHORT BY A NOOSE WHICH SUDDENLY DESCENDS AND---
UGH-
WHILE FROM THE DARKNESS ABOVE A PAIR OF MALEVOLENT EYES GAZE FIERCELY UPON THE STRUGGLING SHIELD BELOW---
--- BUT SUDDENLY, THE SHIELD WHIPS HIS POWERFUL FRAME UPWARD LIKE A HUGE COILED SPRING, AND A LASHING FOOT CONNECTS WITH A VERY SOLID CHIN BENEATH THOSE GHOSTLY EYES!

NOW IT'S MY TURN TO PLAY GAMES--AND BROTHER, DO I PLAY ROUGH!
SILENTLY A PANEL SLIDES OPEN IN THE WALL BEHIND THE SHIELD---
WHERE'S THE BOYZ? TALK FAST, OR I'LL FASHION A NECKLACE WITH YOUR TEETH!
THE HECK YOU WILL--SUCKER!
THE SHIELD TUMBLES HEAD OVER HEELS DOWN A SHAFTWAY--
SHIELD!
I'LL BE--SNAKY CHARMER! THE GANGSTER-KILLER SO THIS IS WHERE YOU AND YOUR MOB HAVE BEEN HID-ING FROM THE POLICE!
WELL, YOUR HIDING DAYS ARE OVER!

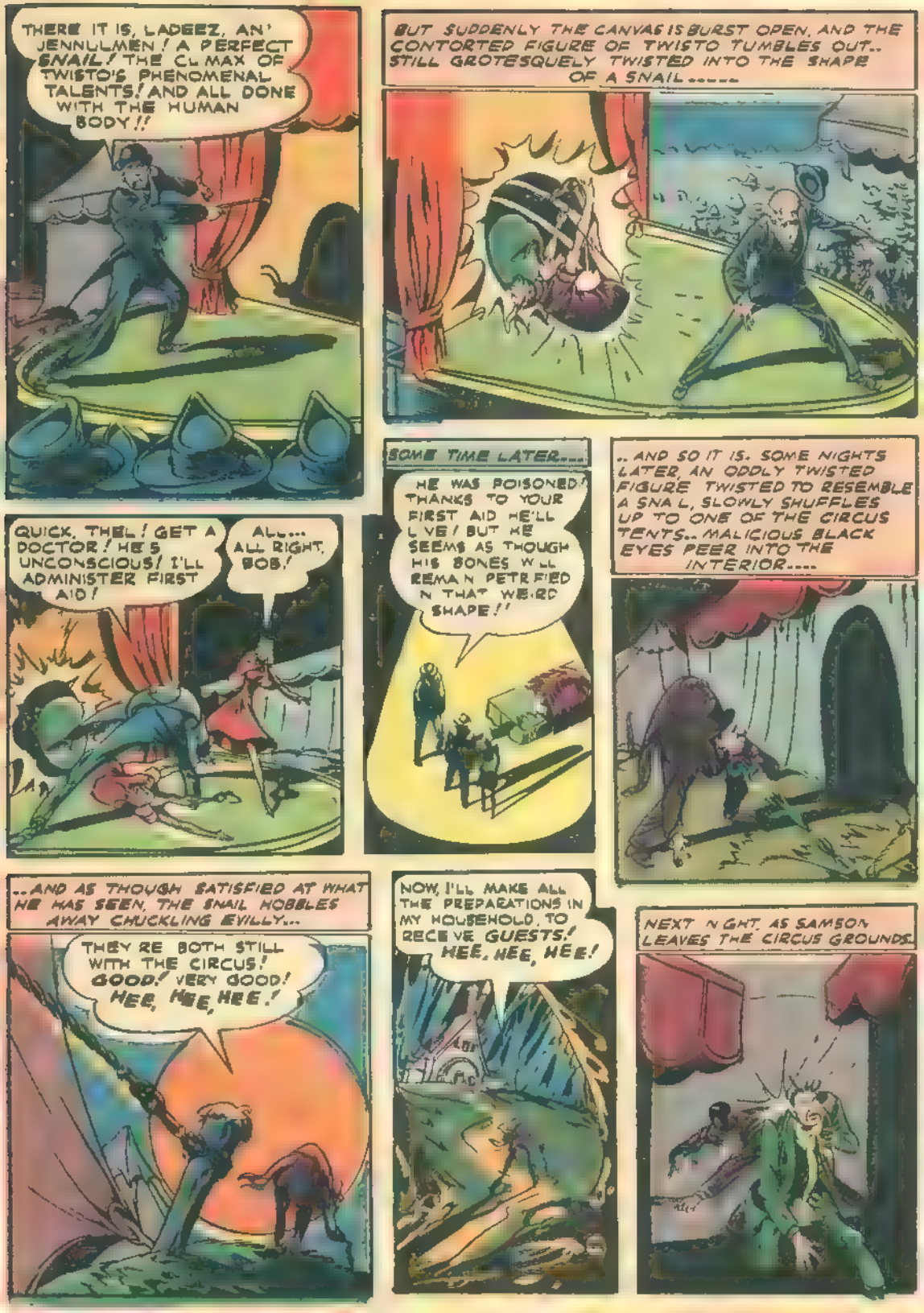
EASY NOW, SHIELD! OR YOUR KID PAL GETS IT!
YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS MUCH LONGER, DO YOU SNAKY?
LONG ENOUGH FOR THE HEAT ON ME TO COOL.. THEN BLOW TOWN! THE COPS AIN'T GONNA GET ME FOR THAT SAUNDER'S KILLIN'!
PRETTY CLEVER SCAR IN' PEOPLE OFF WITH GHOSTS!
YOU EVEN HAD ME FOOLED WITH THAT GHOST ARTIST GAG!
WHAT GHOST ARTIST! I NEVER PULLED DAT! YOU GOT SOMETHING UP YER SLEEVE SHIELD!
SNAKY! LOOK! HOW'D DAT GUY GET IN HERE!
OH! SO DAT'S DE GHOST ARTIST! NICE GAG, SHIELD! BUT IT AIN'T GONNA WORK!
D-- DEM BULLETS WENT RIGHT THROUGH 'IM!
IT IS A GHOST!... YEEOOW! LEMME OUTTA HERE!

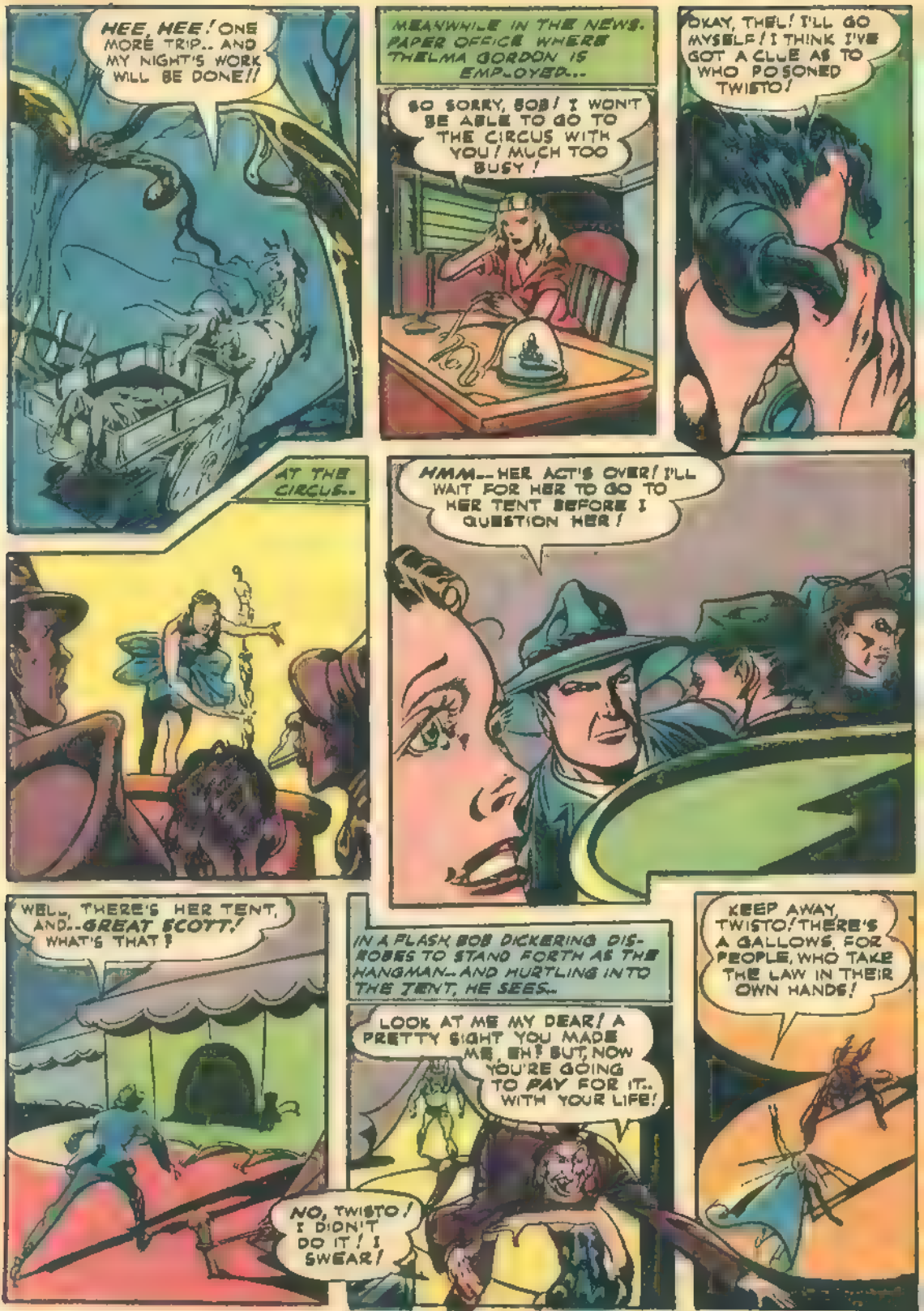
IN HIS FRANTIC HASTE ONE OF THE GANGSTERS KNOCKS OVER A KEROSENE LAMP--
--AND SOON THE ROOM IS A SEETHING INFERNO---
BABY, DUSTY! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!
SNAKY HAD QUITE A START ON US, BUT MAYBE WE CAN STILL CATCH HIM!
TOO LATE!
LOOK, BOSS, LIGHTS--A CAR COMIN' TOWARD US!
IT'S ONLY DE MIRROR I PLANTED ON DE ROAD-- CRASH IT!
CRIPES! IT AIN'T A MIRROR AT ALL! IT IS A CAR!
WHAT!
DESPERATELY, THE DRIVER TWISTS HIS WHEEL FORGETFUL OF THE SHEER PRECIPICE AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND---
WOW! RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF! THEY DIDN'T GET AWAY AFTER ALL!
THAT FINISHES THEM! LUCKY I LEFT MY CAR IN THE ROAD-- WITH MY HEAD-LIGHTS ON!
DUSTY! WHEN WE MAKE OUT OUR REPORT TO THE F.B.I., I DON'T THINK WE'D BETTER MENTION THE GHOST! IT WOULDN'T MAKE GOOD READING ON AN OFFICIAL FILE SHEET! AND BESIDES, EVEN THOUGH WE SAW IT WITH OUR OWN EYES, I FOR ONE, STILL HALF DON'T BELIEVE IT!

The HANGMAN
B. Frye
in The HANGMAN and the SNAIL!

OPENING SCENE.. A TRAVELING CIRCUS..AT THE MOMENT BELLA, THE BEAUTEOUS DOG TRAINER IS DELIGHTING THE AUDIENCE WITH HER CLEVER CANINES...
THE ACT IS OVER..AND BELLA TAKES HER BOWS.. IMPATIENT FOR THE AUDIENCE'S DEPARTURE....
THEN SHE HASTENS EAGERLY TO THE TENT OF SAMSON, THE STRONG MAN!..
SAMSON! IS TWISTO AROUND?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT FREAK HUSBAND OF YOURS, BELLA!
IF HE STARTS ANY TROUBLE FOR US, I'LL BREAK HIM IN TWO!
BELLA!
YOU DOUBLE CROSSING LITTLE WITCH! SO THIS IS THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN MAKING LOVE TO, BEHIND MY BACK!
TWISTO! WAIT!
YOU RAT! DIE! DIE AS YOU DESERVE!!
TWISTO! NO! DON'T KILL HIM! PLEASE, TWISTO!
TAKE THAT, YOU FOOL!!

URRGHH.. HE'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF A MAD MAN!
AND YOU, YOU'RE AS TIMID AS A MOUSE, YOU.. YOU COWARD! STRONG MAN, BAH!!
BUT.. BUT IT WASN'T MY FAULT, BELLA! HE TOOK ME COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!
HMMPH... WELL, I ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE THIS CIRCUS, BECAUSE WHEN TWISTO COMES TO, HE MAY TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE AGAIN!
MAYBE HE WILL, AND MAYBE HE WON'T! HEY! JOCKO! C'MERE QUICK! WE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO DO!!
BOY! THAT DAME IS MAKIN' A SUCKER OUTA SAMSON! BUT IF I DON'T DO LIKE HE SAYS, HE'LL BREAK MY BONES! HERE, TWISTO TAKE A SLUG O' THIS!
HEY, TWISTO! HURRY! YOUR ACT'S ON, NOW!
OKAY, BOSS!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF SAMSON, LATER!
WHAT ACT IS THIS, BOB?
TWISTO, THEL! HE'S A CONTORTIONIST.. AND HE'S GOOD! I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE!!
NOW, LADEEZ, AN' GENNULMEN, WE BRING YOU TWISTO, THE MARVEL OF THE AGE! TWISTO, THE MAN WITH THE RUBBER BONES! HIS FEATS OF CONTORTION WILL AMAZE YOU! CONFOUND YOU!
FIRST.. AN IMITATION OF A SNAIL!


THERE IT IS, LADEEZ, AN' JENNULMEN! A PERFECT SNAIL! THE CLIMAX OF TWISTO'S PHENOMENAL TALENTS! AND ALL DONE WITH THE HUMAN BODY!!
BUT SUDDENLY THE CANVAS IS BURST OPEN, AND THE CONTORTED FIGURE OF TWISTO TUMBLES OUT.. STILL GROTESQUELY TWISTED INTO THE SHAPE OF A SNAIL.....
QUICK, THEL! GET A DOCTOR! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! I'LL ADMINISTER FIRST AID!
ALL... ALL RIGHT, BOB!
SOME TIME LATER....
HE WAS POISONED! THANKS TO YOUR FIRST AID HE'LL LIVE! BUT HE SEEMS AS THOUGH HIS BONES WILL REMAIN PETRIFIED IN THAT WEIRD SHAPE!!
.. AND SO IT IS. SOME NIGHTS LATER, AN ODDLY TWISTED FIGURE TWISTED TO RESEMBLE A SNAIL, SLOWLY SHUFFLES UP TO ONE OF THE CIRCUS TENTS.. MALICIOUS BLACK EYES PEER INTO THE INTERIOR....
..AND AS THOUGH SATISFIED AT WHAT HE HAS SEEN, THE SNAIL HOBBLES AWAY CHUCKLING EVILLY...
THEY'RE BOTH STILL WITH THE CIRCUS! GOOD! VERY GOOD! HEE, HEE, HEE!
NOW, I'LL MAKE ALL THE PREPARATIONS IN MY HOUSEHOLD, TO RECEIVE GUESTS! HEE, HEE, HEE!
NEXT NIGHT, AS SAMSON LEAVES THE CIRCUS GROUNDS.


HEE, HEE! ONE MORE TRIP.. AND MY NIGHT'S WORK WILL BE DONE!!
MEANWHILE IN THE NEWS-PAPER OFFICE WHERE THELMA GORDON IS EMPLOYED...
SO SORRY, BOB! I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO TO THE CIRCUS WITH YOU! MUCH TOO BUSY!
OKAY, THEL! I'LL GO MYSELF! I THINK I'VE GOT A CLUE AS TO WHO POISONED TWISTO!
AT THE CIRCUS..
HMM--HER ACT'S OVER! I'LL WAIT FOR HER TO GO TO HER TENT BEFORE I QUESTION HER!
WELL, THERE'S HER TENT, AND--GREAT ECOTT! WHAT'S THAT?
IN A FLASH, BOB DICKERING DISROBES TO STAND FORTH AS THE HANGMAN--AND HURTLING INTO THE TENT, HE SEES..
LOOK AT ME MY DEAR! A PRETTY SIGHT YOU MADE ME, EH? BUT, NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT.. WITH YOUR LIFE!
NO, TWISTO! I DIDN'T DO IT! I SWEAR!
KEEP AWAY, TWISTO! THERE'S A GALLOWS FOR PEOPLE, WHO TAKE THE LAW IN THEIR OWN HANDS!

THIS SNAIL CAN MOVE FAST! SURPRISINGLY FAST, HANGMAN!! HEE, HEE! NE THER YOU, NOR THE GALLOWS SHALL ROB ME OF MY VENGEANCE!
WHEN THE HANGMAN COMES TO....
OOO.. WHAT A CLOUT!
THE SNAIL GOT AWAY!.. AND TOOK HER ALONG! ONLY ONE WAY TO FOLLOW THEM!!
MY CANINE FRIEND, THOR! I'VE USED HIM BEFORE TO PICK UP A TRAIL FOR ME! AH THERE HE IS NOW!
THIS COMPACT, THOR! SMELL IT! THAT'S A GOOD DOG!
HANGMAN! WHAT'S UP??
SORRY, JOE! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW! I'LL SEND YOUR BLOOD HOUND BACK WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH HIM!
THAT'S OKAY, HANGMAN! GOOD LUCK!
HE'S HOT ON THE SCENT! NICE GOING THOR!

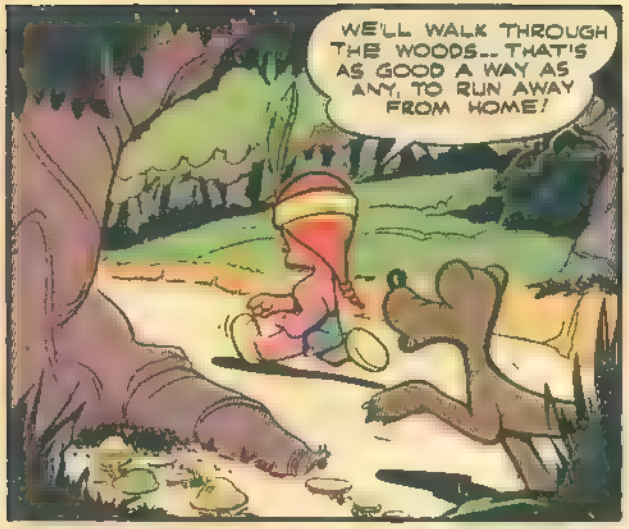
AHA... LOOKS LIKE WE'VE ARRIVED! OKAY, THOR! BACK TO YOUR MASTER! I WON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE!!
HMM... THINGS ARE QUIET AROUND HERE! TOO QUIET TO SUIT ME! WONDER IF THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE!!
WHA...
WELCOME HANGMAN, HE, HE! YOU SEE, I WAS PREPARED FOR YOUR VISIT TOO!!
AND YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TOO, TO SEE THE SNAIL WREAK HIS VENGEANCE!!
THERE YOU SEE MY BEAUTIFUL, BUT FAITHLESS WIFE! SHE SHALL DIE SLOWLY, LINGERINGLY! AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO HURRY FOR A SNAIL! HEE, HEE...
BUT NO SLOWER THAN WILL BE SAMSON'S DEATH! CLEVER, EH, HANGMAN!

AS FOR YOU, HANGMAN, I HAVE A PARTICULARLY CHOICE DEATH! NICE AND SLOW! I WRAP YOU SECURELY IN THIS WATER-HOSE! THERE! AND WHEN I TURN THE WATER-FAUCET ON...
..THE HOSE WILL SWELL, AND GRADUALLY CRUSH YOU TO DEATH! PLEASANT, EH? YOU AND MY LOVELY WIFE SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WATCHING EACH OTHER DIE!
THE INSANE FIEND! THAT WILD HORSE WILL DRAG HER AROUND TO HER DEATH!
..UGH.. AND THIS HOSE IS (GASP) GETTING TIGHTER.. UGH.. TIGHTER.. ONE CHANCE OF GETTING.. LOOSE... HAVE TO TAKE IT...
HORSE... CLOSE ENOUGH.. (GASP)... HERE.. GOES!
REARING WITH PAIN AND FURY, THE HORSE'S SHARP HOOFS FEAR AT IT'S PROSTRATE TORMENTOR, AND RIP THE WATER-SWOLLEN HOSE....
ABRUPTLY THE HANGMAN ROLLS OUT OF HARMS WAY, DISENGAGES HIMSELF FROM THE DEFLATED WATER-HOSE, AND...
NOW, TO GET THAT GIRL AWAY FROM THE HORSE!
THERE!.. SHE LOOKS ALL RIGHT, JUST A BIT SHAKEN UP!

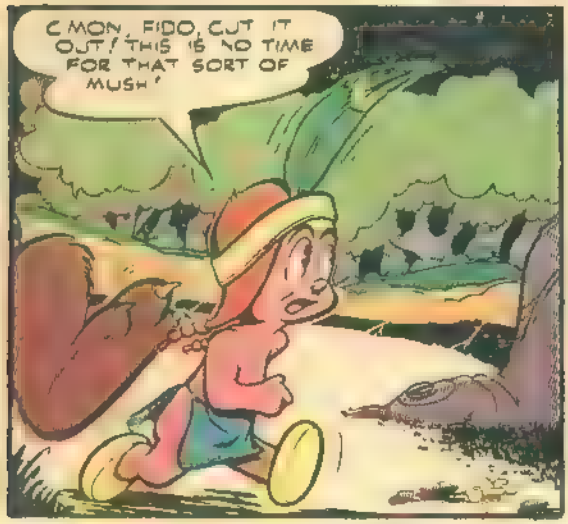
IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE SAMSON! HE'S DEAD! BUT I'M GOING TO GET THAT MADMAN, BEFORE HE CAN DO ANY FURTHER HARM!
THERE HE IS! STAND BACK BELLA!
HANGMAN! CURSE YOU! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU ESCAPED!
..BUT IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY, I ASSURE YOU!
WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW?
WHEN I PUSH THIS LEVER, THIS HOUSE, AND EVERYONE IN IT WILL BE BLASTED TO BITS!
NO... DON'T, YOU FOOL!!
HE'S DONE IT.. WHAT TH.. ONLY ONE BEAM SHATTERED! QUICK, BELLA, WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE! THE WINDOW!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THE FUSE -- AND IT BECAME A DELAYED-ACTION EXPLOSIVE! POOR DEMENTED DEVIL! HE'S STILL IN THERE! IT'S BETTER THAT WAY!
..AS THE HANGMAN AND BELLA SEARCH THROUGH THE WRECKAGE...
UGH... THAT SHADOW ON THE WALL, HANGMAN, HOW GRUESOME!
THE SHADOW OF A SNAIL... AN EVIL SNAIL, WHICH HAS MET THE FATE IT DESERVED!

Lil Chief Bugaboo
OH! OH! FIDO, THE MOUNTAIN-LION BUGABOO SHAVED TO LOOK LIKE A DOG, IS IN TROUBLE AGAIN!
HIM PAIN IN NECK! HIM EAT E'RYTH,NG, DO NOTHING! YOU GETTUM HIM OUT OF HERE! IF HIM NOT GONE, YOU'LL GO TOO!
THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO US, F DO! TONIGHT WE'LL RUN AWAY FROM HOME.. WE'LL SHOW THEM!!

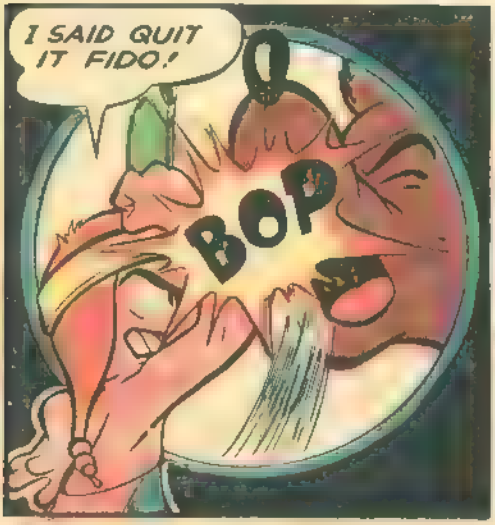
THESE FEW THINGS WILL KEEP US GOING! WE'LL SHOW 'EM!
YES, SIR! WE'RE LEAVING, FOR GOOD!
COME ON FIDO OLD PAL, JUMP IN.. WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN NO TIME!!
WOW
SPLASH
FIDO! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, FIDO?
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, FIDO.. WE DIDN'T NEED THE CANOE ANYWAY!

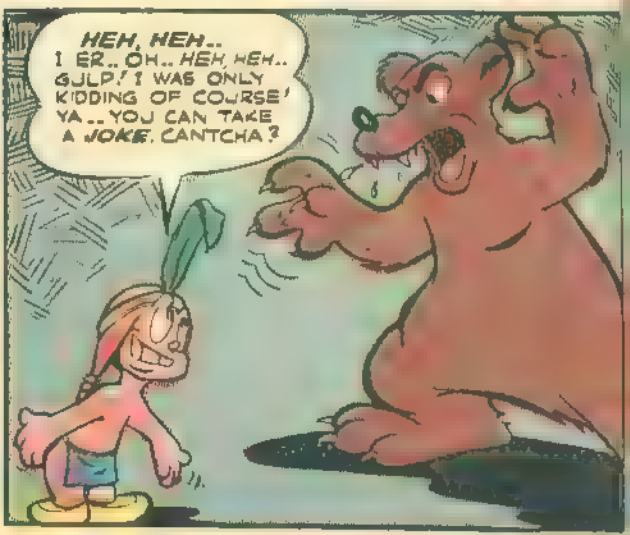

WE'LL WALK THROUGH THE WOODS... THAT'S AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY, TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME!

SLUR

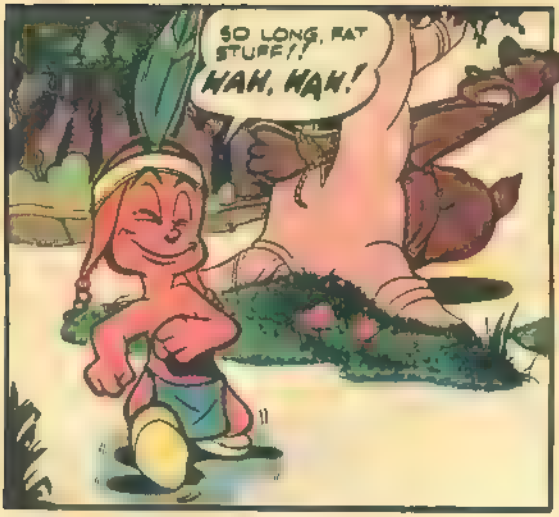

C'MON, FIDO, CUT IT OUT! THIS IS NO TIME FOR THAT SORT OF MUSH!

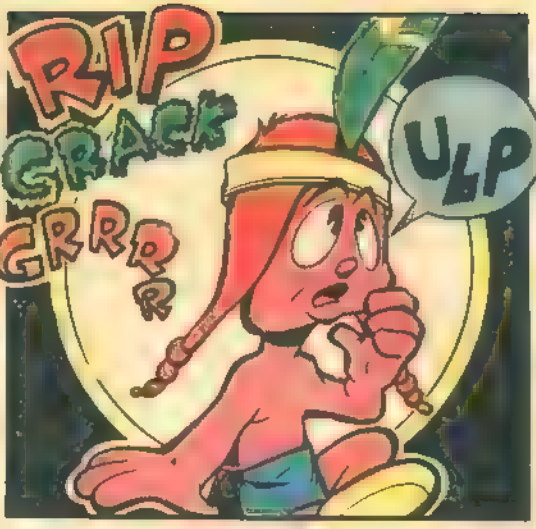
UNAWARE THAT S NOT FIDO BUT A BEAR BEHIND HIM, BUGABOO BECOMES VERY ANNOYED AND ANGRY..

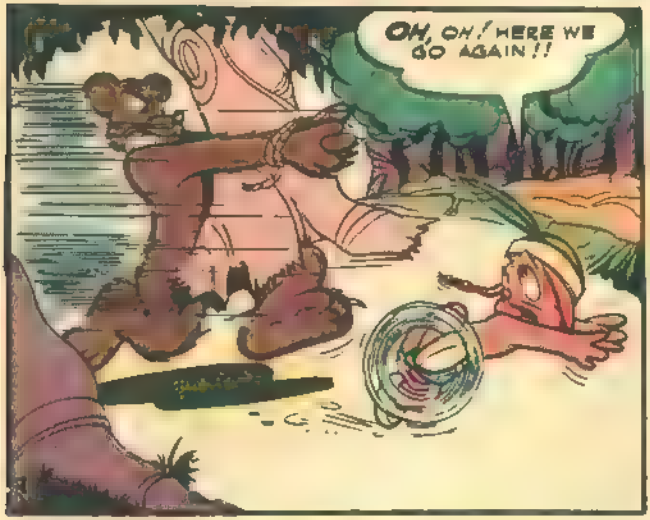

I SAID QUIT IT FIDO!
BOP

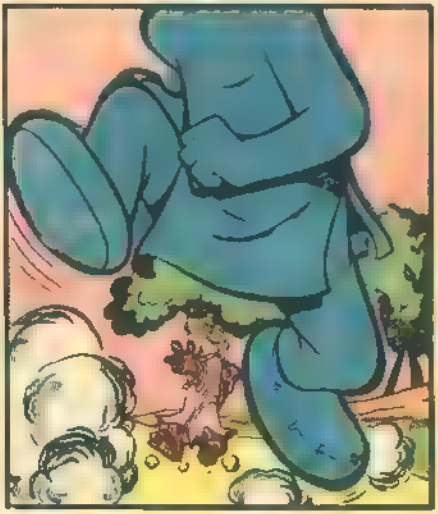

HEH, HEH... I ER.. OH.. HEH, HEH.. GULP! I WAS ONLY KIDDING OF COURSE! YA.. YOU CAN TAKE A JOKE, CANTCHA?

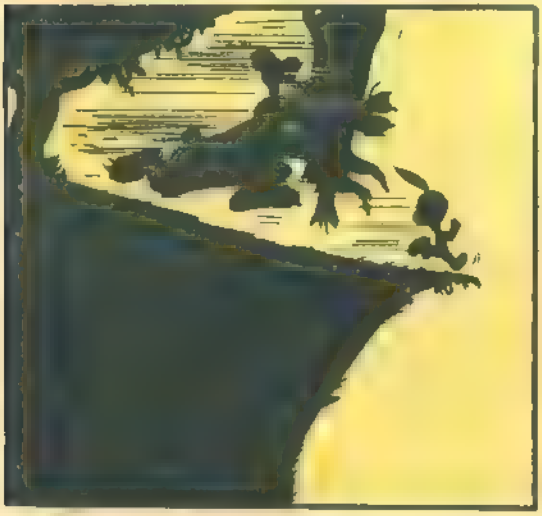
BOY... THIS GUY MEANS BUSINESS.. COME ON LEGS.. I HOPE FIDO IS ALL RIGHT!
HAH! THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE, TOUGH GUY!!
NEXT TIME YOU'LL KNOW BETTER THEN TO FOOL AROUND W TH ME.. YOU OVERSTUFFED RUG!
POW

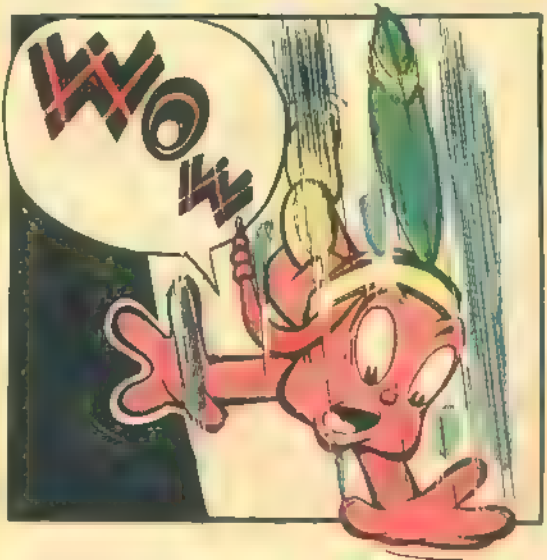

SO LONG, FAT STUFF!
HAH, HAH!


RIP
CRACK
GRRRR
ULP

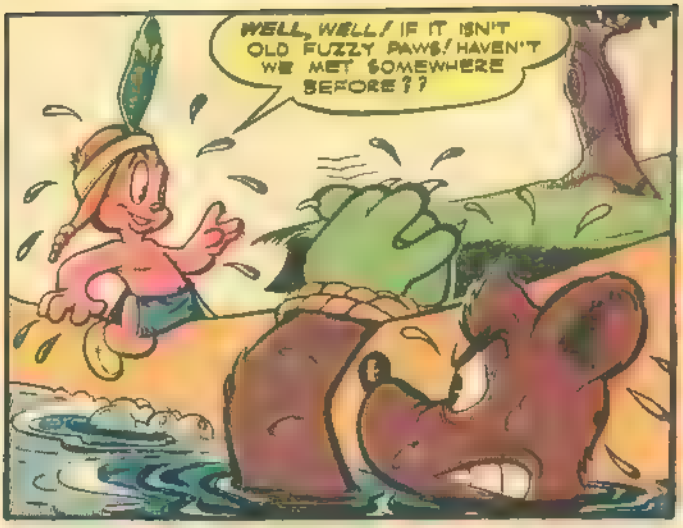

OH, OH! HERE WE GO AGAIN!!

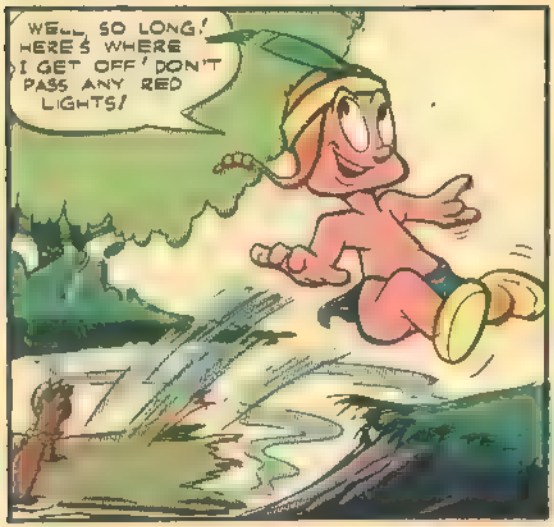


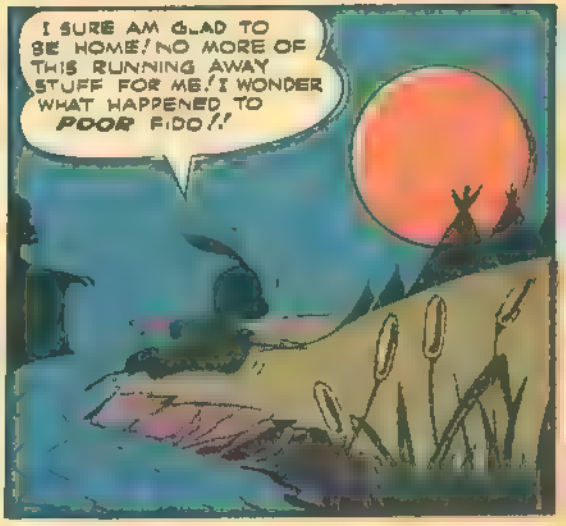


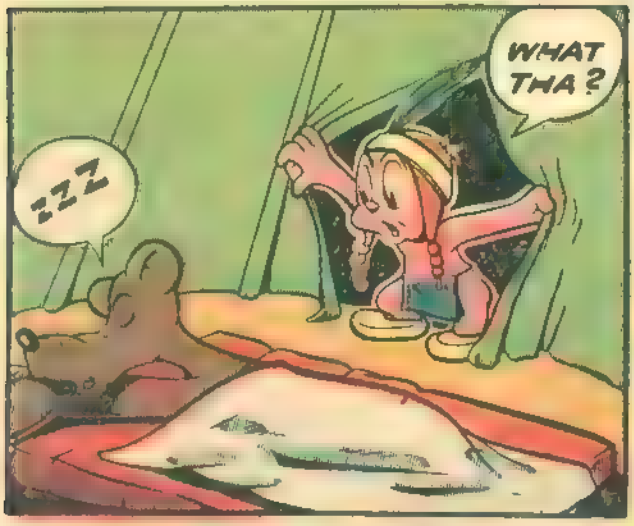

WOW

SPLASH


WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T OLD FUZZY PAWS! HAVEN'T WE MET SOMEWHERE BEFORE??


WELL, SO LONG! HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF! DON'T PASS ANY RED LIGHTS!


I SURE AM GLAD TO BE HOME! NO MORE OF THIS RUNNING AWAY STUFF FOR ME! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR FIDO!


WHAT THA?
ZZZ

Catfish Joe
By
Larry Harris
YESSIR, SON, YORE A-STANDIN' RIGHT ON TOP O' OL' COLONEL BUNGSNORT'S HAID!
YOU REMEMBER JOE ACCIDENTALLY GOT HOOKED ONTO AN AIRPLANE WHICH SNATCHED HIM RIGHT OUT OF HIS ROWBOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI AND DROPPED HIM RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF THE GREAT MURKY MOUNTAINS
AN' I'M POWERFUL GLAD YER WILLIN' T' CHOP THAT PINE TREE OFF'N HIS NOSE!
TATTERHEAD!
TH OL' COLONEL'S GRAN'SON HIRED ME T' TAKE CARE O' THIS CARVIN OF HIS GRAN'PAPPY BUT 'TWIXT MY ROOMATIZZUM AN MY POSSUM HUNTIN' I RECKON I BEEN A MITE NEGLECTFUL!
YEAH! FER FOUR ER FIVE YEARS BY TH LOOKS O' THAT TREE!

TH' GRAN'SON ONLY COMES OUT FROM TH' CITY 'BOUT EVERY FOUR ER FIVE YARS – HE PAYS ME FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR AN' LET'S ME AN' MY FAM'LY LIVE IN TH' OL' BUNGSORT MANSION THATS BACK IN TH' WOODS A SHORT PIECE!
BUT HE'S A-COMIN' TOMORRER AN' IF HE SEES THAT TREE ON HIS GRAN'PAPPY'S NOSE I'LL SHORE 'NUFF LOSE MY JOB!
CAW-HAW!
HUSH, OL CROW THIS IS SAD!
C'MON – WE'LL GO TO TH' HOUSE AN' GIT TH' ROPES AN' THINGS YO'LL BE A-NEEDIN'!
THAR SHE IS! MY FAM'LY'LL BE MIGHTY PROUD T' MEET YO!
GOSH I HAINT DRESSED FITTEN T' MEET FOLKS!
OH, THEY HAINT PERTICK'LAR!
HEY!
THET'S MY FAM'LY – TH- BEST PACK O' VARMINT HOUNDS IN TH' COUNTY – THEY'S MIGHTY AFFECKSHINUTT!
OUCH! GIT EM OFFA ME!
THIS OL' MANSION HOUSE HAINT WHAT SHE USED T' BE BUT I BEEN KEEPIN THIS PART FIXED UP NICE AN' SNUG!
YEAH! I SEE!

WITH THESE THINGS IT'LL BE A EASY JOB FER YO T' GIT THAT TREE OFF'N GRANPAPPY'S NOSE!
YO KIN KINDA TIE YERSELF ONTA THAT BOARD WHILST I MAKE TH' PULLEYS FAST T' THIS TREE!
NOW JES' SET BACK ON TH' BOARD AN' SLIDE RIGHT OVER TH' EDGE!
GOSH! THAT'S A LONG WAY DOWN! YA SHORE YO KIN HOLD THAT ROPE?
NOW DON'T BE SCAIRT! TH' YOUNG FELLER THAT USED TO HELP ME NEVER WAS A BIT SCAIRT!
WHY HAINT ME A-HELPIN' YO NOW?
HE'S DAID!
GULP!
HOLLER WHEN YO GITS WITHIN CHOPPIN' DISTANCE O' THAT TREE!
OKAY, MISTER, I KIN REACH HER FROM HERE!
FINE! I'LL TIE TH' ROPE SO YO'LL STAY RIGHT THAR!

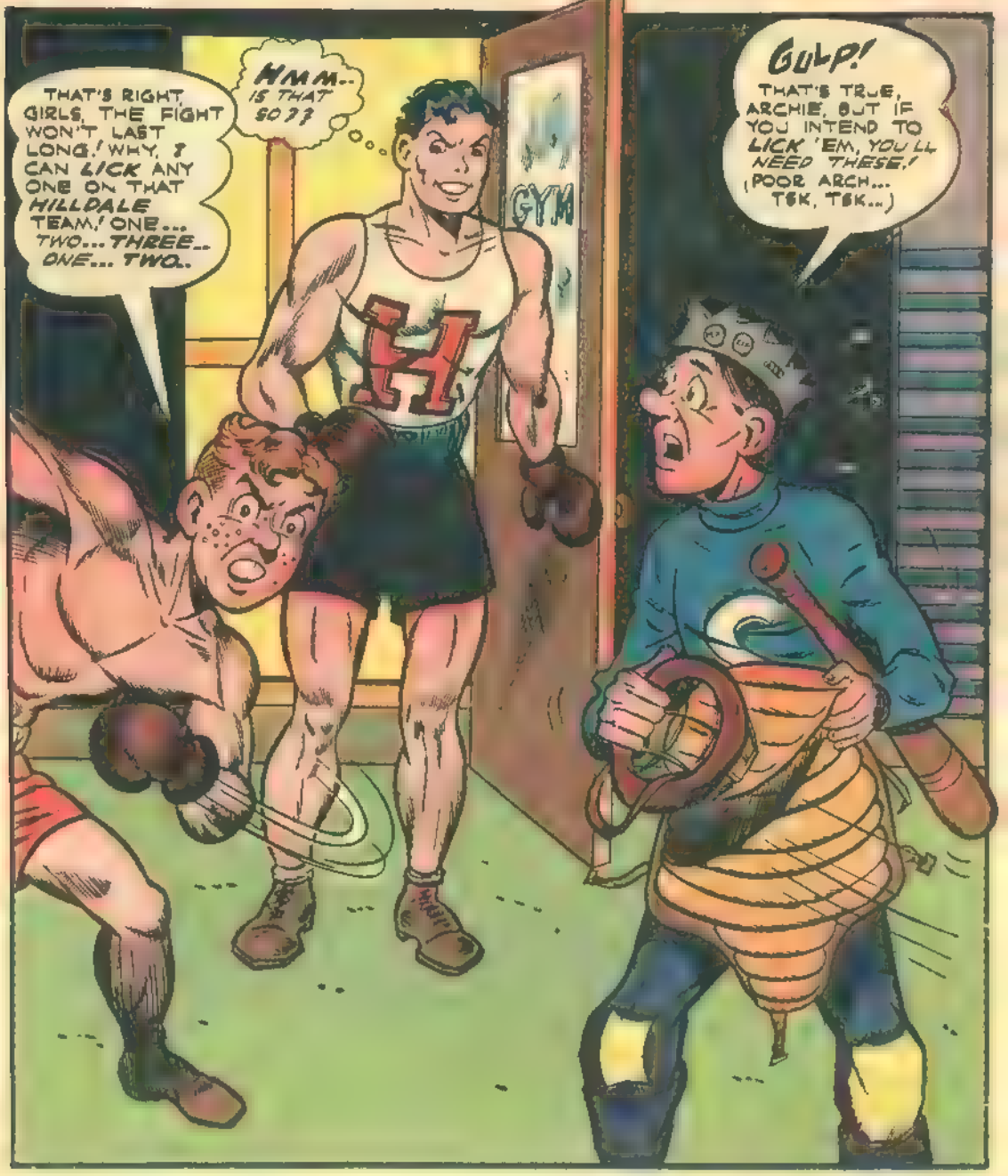
WELL, TH' QUICKER I GIT THIS DONE TH' SOONER I'LL GIT BACK ON SOLID GROUND!
WHACK
OH, OH! FRESH POSSUM TRACKS! RECKON I GOT TIME T' HUNT THAT FELLER WHILE TH' YOUNG-UN'S A-CHOPPIN!
JOE'S CHOPPING ANGERS A PAIR OF EAGLES NESTING BEHIND GR.AN'PAPPY'S RIGHT EAR — —
HEY! GIT AWAY! SIC 'IM, OL' CROW!
CAW!
SKEDADDLED! I HOPE HE GITS IN TH' TREES 'FORE THEY KETCH HIM! WHY DON'T TH OL MAN SCARE THEM CRITTERS WITH HIS GUN?!
HERE'S WHY -
HOLED UP DAWGONNIT! AN JES' WHEN I HAD MY MOUTH ALL SET FER A MESS O' POSSUM PIE!

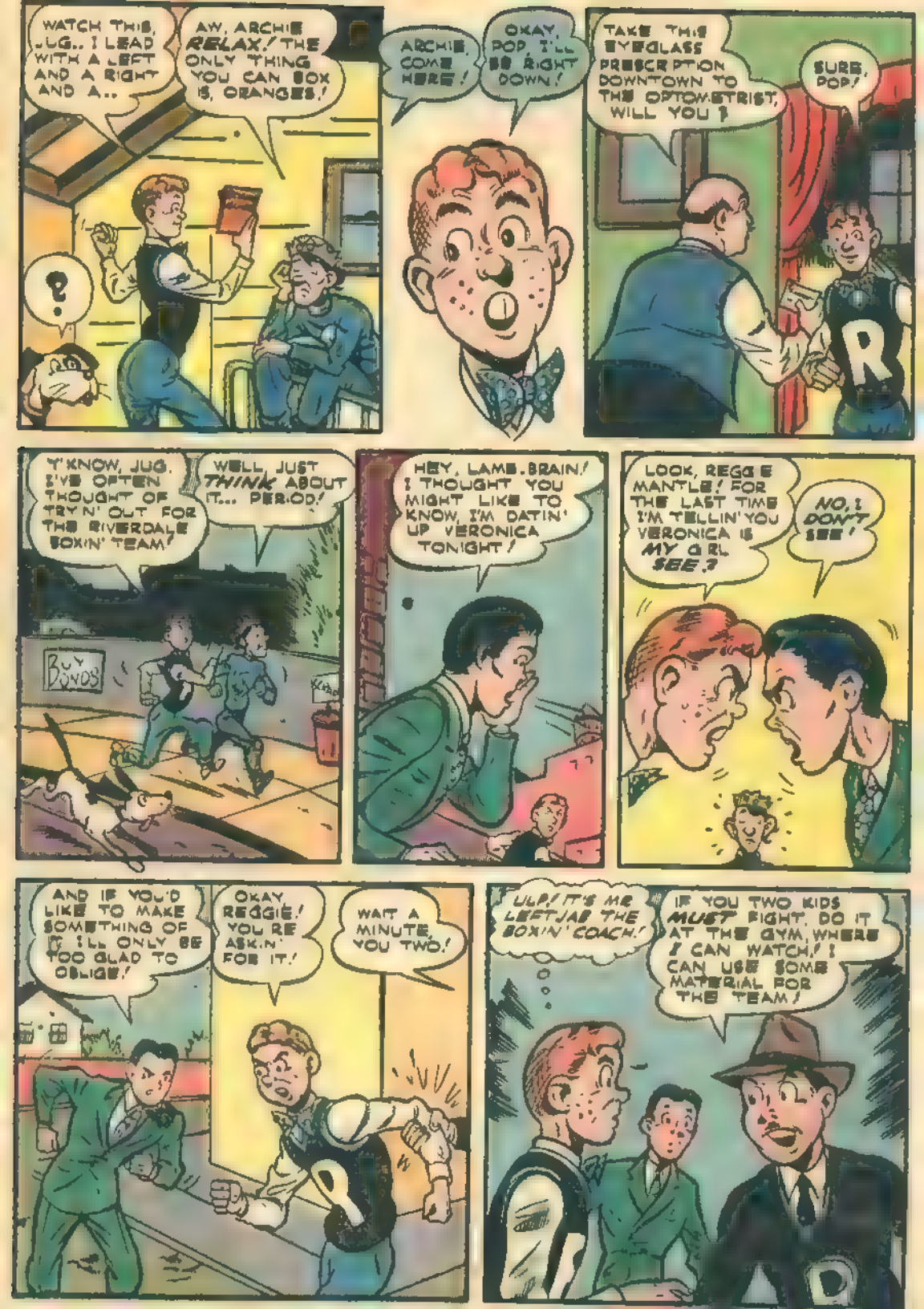
THEY'RE BACK! SHOO! GIT AWAY! HALP! HALP!
BY GOLLIES! OL' CROW'S A-FETCHIN' A WHOLE PASSEL O' HIS KINFOLKS!
CAW-HAW-HAW!
ATTABOY, OL CROW! THEY'S TIMES WHEN LOTSA KINFOLKS COMES IN HANDY!
I BETTER GIT BUSY AN' FINISH OFF THIS TREE 'FORE THEM MANEATIN BUZZARDS GITS BACK!
WHACK!
SNAP
CRACK
HA! SOUNDS LIKE THET TREE A-FALLIN! RECKON I JES GOT BACK IN TIME!
BANG!
CRASH!
HEY DOWN THAR- THET TREE GONE YET?
YEAH IT'S GONE!

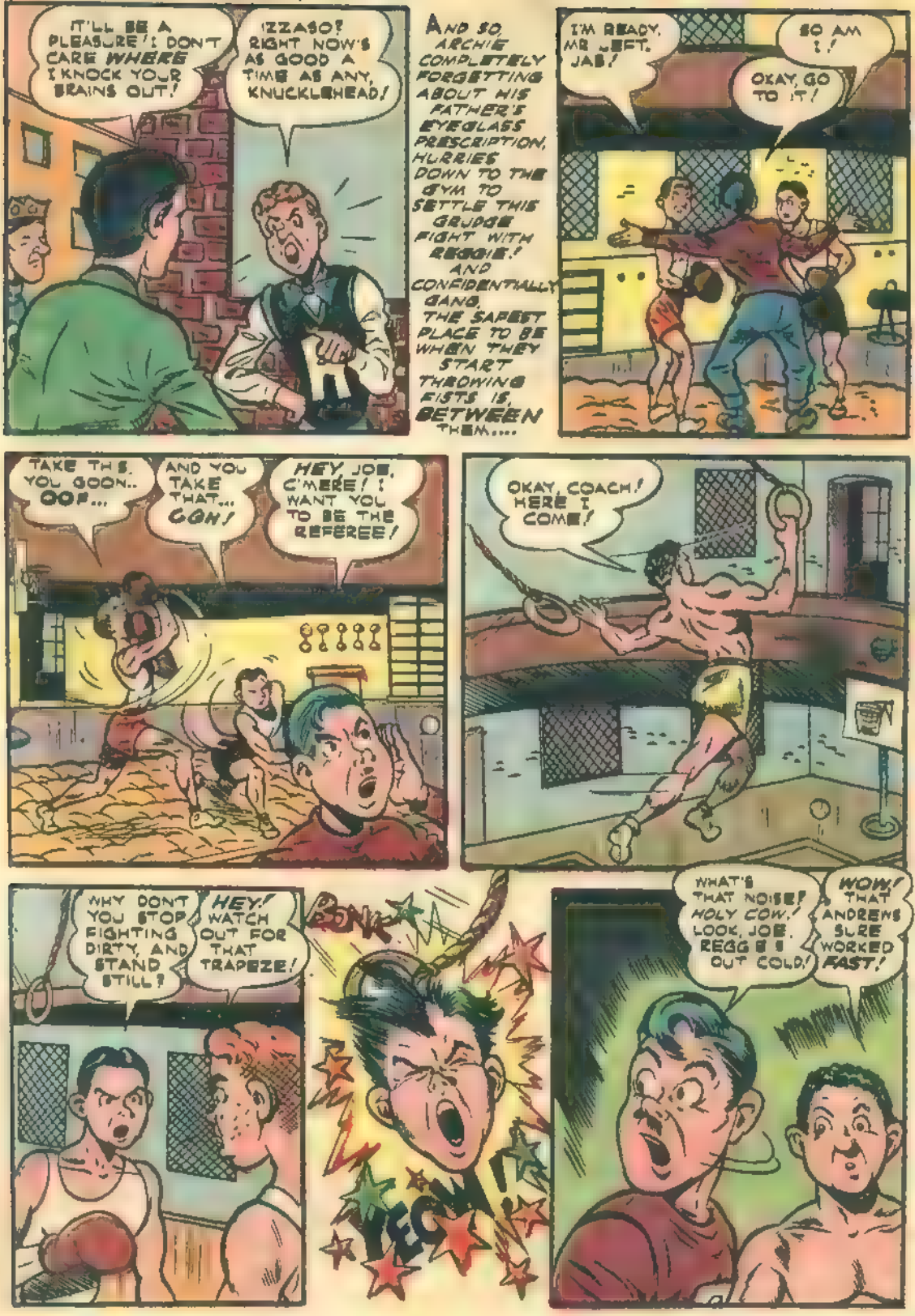
FINE! HANG ON NOW! I'M A-PULLIN' YO UP!
GOSH, THANKS, SON! NOW YOUNG BUNG-SNORT'S BOUND T' LET ME KEEP MY JOB!
BUT THEY'S SOMETHIN'-
'TAINT ONLY TH' FIVE DOLLARS A-YEAR SALARY I'D BE A-LOSIN' BUT THINK O MY PORE FAM'LY GITTIN' KICKED OUTTA TH FINE OL' BUNGSNORT MANSION!
C'MON, MISTER! I'LL HELP YO PACK!
HUH? WHAT FER? I HAINT A-GOIN' NOWHAR!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! THEM TREE ROOTS WAS PURTY DEEP IN TH ROCK AN' WHEN I BEGUN CHOPPIN' SHE STARTED A-SNAPPIN' AN' CRACKIN'-
AN GRAN'PAPPY'S NOSE JES' DROPPED RIGHT OFF!
LOOKS LIKE TH OL MAN'S IN A TOUGH SPOT! BUT MEBBE THEY'S A WAY OUT! NEXT MONTH'S PEP COMICS WILL TELL TH' STORY! DON'T MISS IT!
P.S.--NEXT MONTH JOE WILL ANNOUNCE TH'WINNER OF HIS CONTEST TO FIND A NAME FOR HIS TALKING CROW!

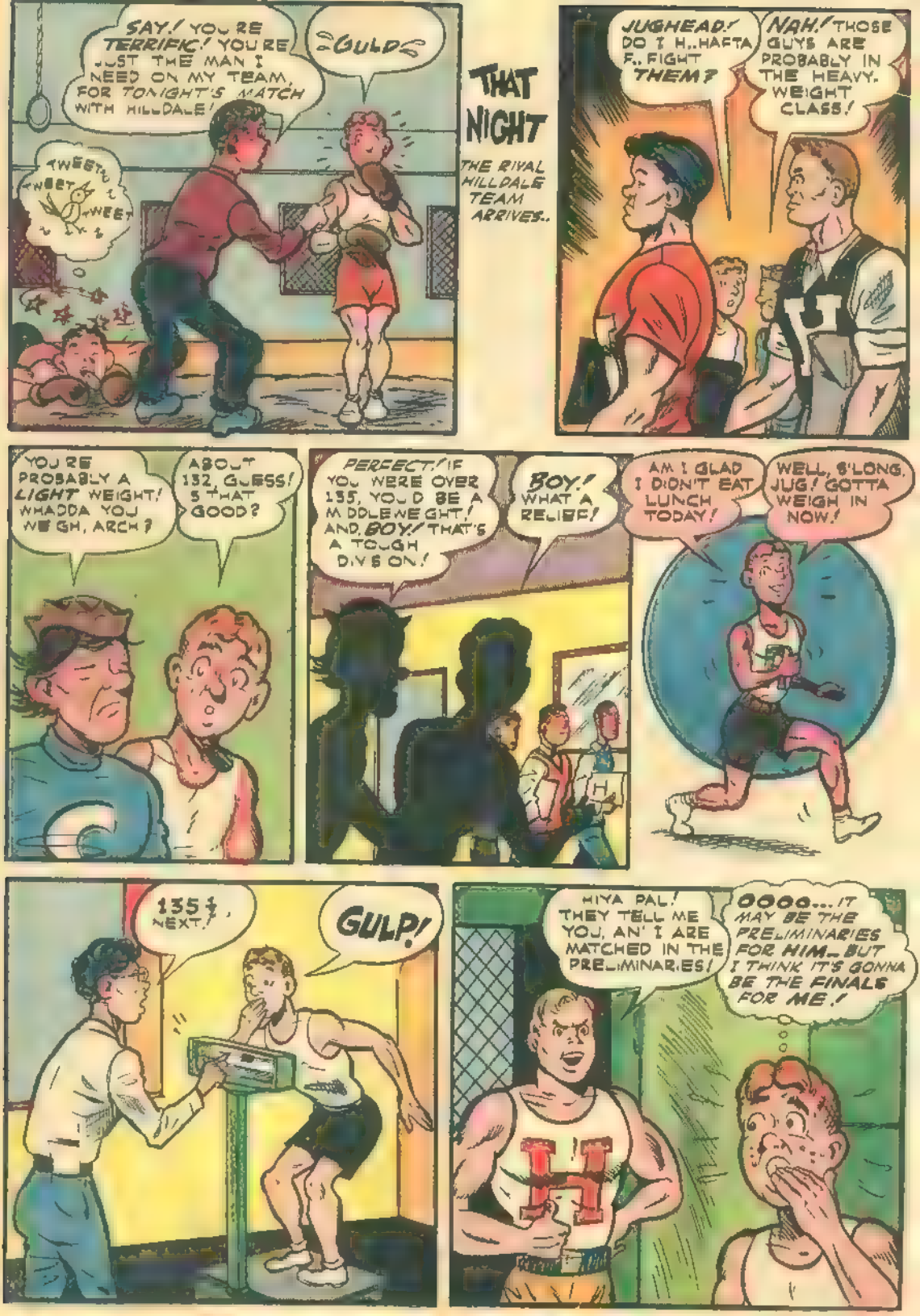
Archie
♪♪ OH, BETTY! ♪ JUST LOOK AT THAT GORGEOUS HUNK O' MAN! WHAT SHOULDERS, WHAT A CHEST! WHAT A MAN.!.! ♪ ♫
NOW, YOU'RE TALKING WITH WORDS, VERONICA! WITH HIM IN THE RING, THE FIGHT SHOULDN'T LAST LONG!! OH, BOY!
SAMUEL I. SINGER

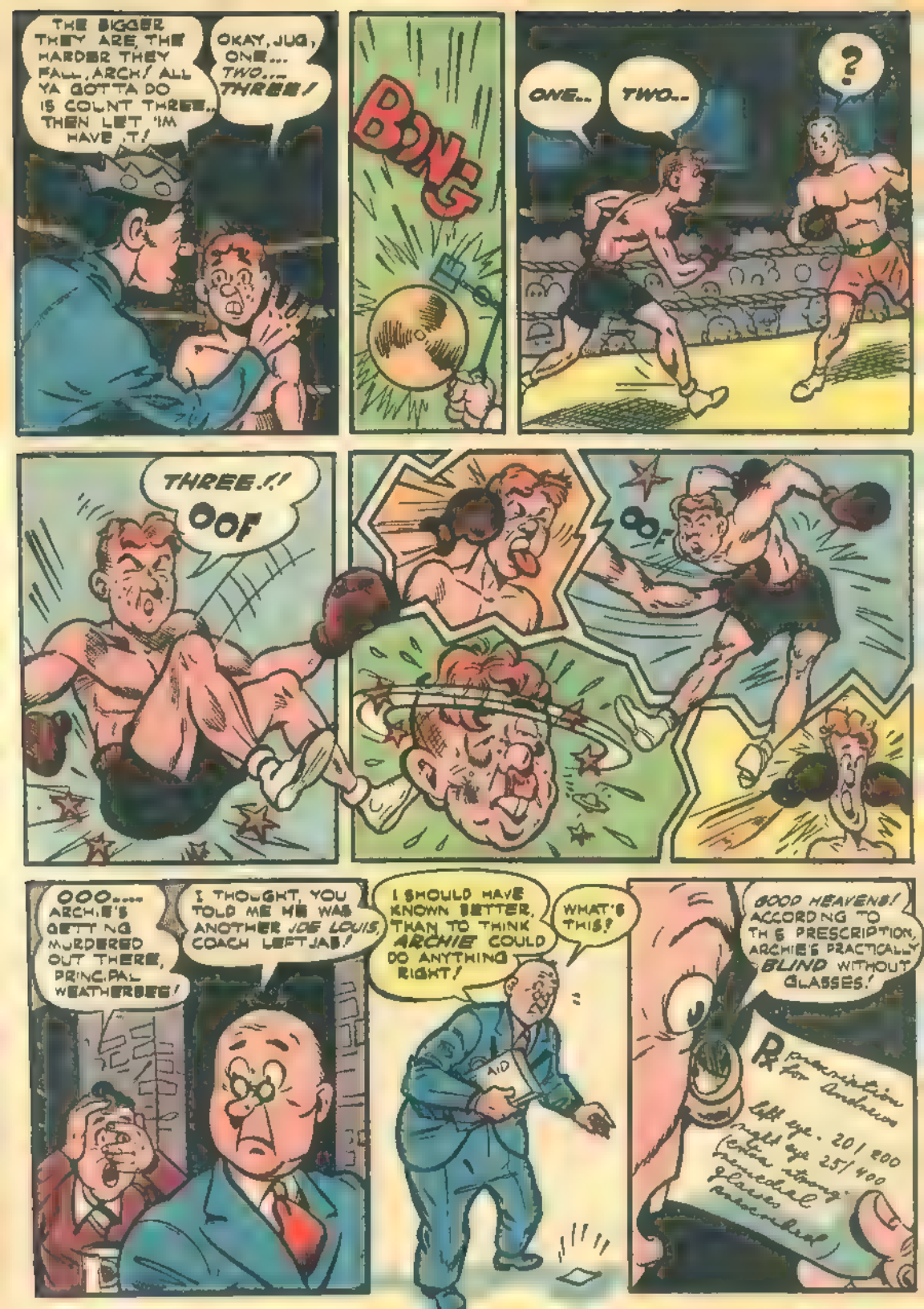
ARCHIE the pug


THAT'S RIGHT, GIRLS, THE FIGHT WON'T LAST LONG! WHY, I CAN LICK ANY ONE ON THAT HILLDALE TEAM! ONE... TWO... THREE... ONE... TWO...
HMM... IS THAT SO??
GYM
GULP!
THAT'S TRUE, ARCHIE, BUT IF YOU INTEND TO LICK 'EM, YOU'LL NEED THESE!
(POOR ARCH... TSK, TSK...)


WATCH THIS, JUG.. I LEAD WITH A LEFT AND A RIGHT AND A..
AW, ARCHIE RELAX! THE ONLY THING YOU CAN BOX IS, ORANGES!
?
ARCHIE, COME HERE!
OKAY, POP, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!
TAKE THIS EYEGLASS PRESCRIPTION DOWNTOWN TO THE OPTOMETRIST, WILL YOU?
SURE, POP!
R
T'KNOW, JUG, I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT OF TRY'N' OUT FOR THE RIVERDALE BOXIN' TEAM!
WELL, JUST THINK ABOUT IT... PERIOD!
BUY BONDS
HEY, LAMB-BRAIN! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW, I'M DATIN' UP VERONICA TONIGHT!
LOOK, REGGIE MANTLE! FOR THE LAST TIME I'M TELLIN' YOU VERONICA IS MY GIRL SEE?
NO, I DON'T SEE!
AND IF YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT I'LL ONLY BE TOO GLAD TO OBLIGE!
OKAY, REGGIE! YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT!
WAIT A MINUTE, YOU TWO!
ULP! IT'S ME LEETJAB THE BOXIN' COACH!
IF YOU TWO KIDS MUST FIGHT, DO IT AT THE GYM, WHERE I CAN WATCH! I CAN USE SOME MATERIAL FOR THE TEAM!

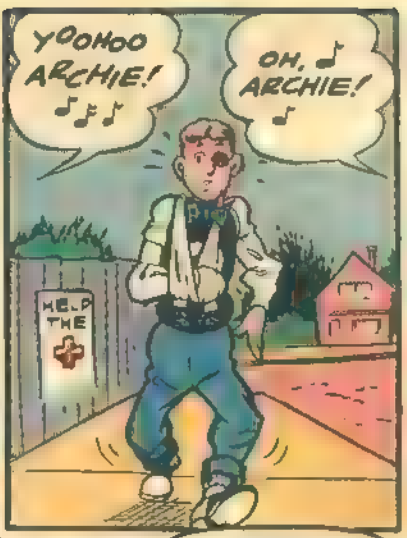

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE! I DON'T CARE WHERE I KNOCK YOUR BRAINS OUT!
IZZASO? RIGHT NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY, KNUCKLEHEAD!
AND SO ARCHIE COMPLETELY FORGETTING ABOUT HIS FATHER'S EYEGLASS PRESCRIPTION, HURRIES DOWN TO THE GYM TO SETTLE THIS GRUDGE FIGHT WITH REGGIE! AND CONFIDENTIALLY GANG, THE SAFEST PLACE TO BE WHEN THEY START THROWING FISTS IS BETWEEN THEM....
I'M READY, MR. LEFT JAB!
SO AM I!
OKAY, GO TO IT!
TAKE THIS, YOU GOON.. OOF...
AND YOU TAKE THAT... GOH!
HEY JOE, C'MERE! I WANT YOU TO BE THE REFEREE!
OKAY, COACH! HERE I COME!
WHY DON'T YOU STOP FIGHTING DIRTY, AND STAND STILL?
HEY! WATCH OUT FOR THAT TRAPEZE!
BONK
YEOW
WHAT'S THAT NOISE! HOLY COW! LOOK, JOE. REGGIE IS OUT COLD!
WOW! THAT ANDREWS SURE WORKED FAST!

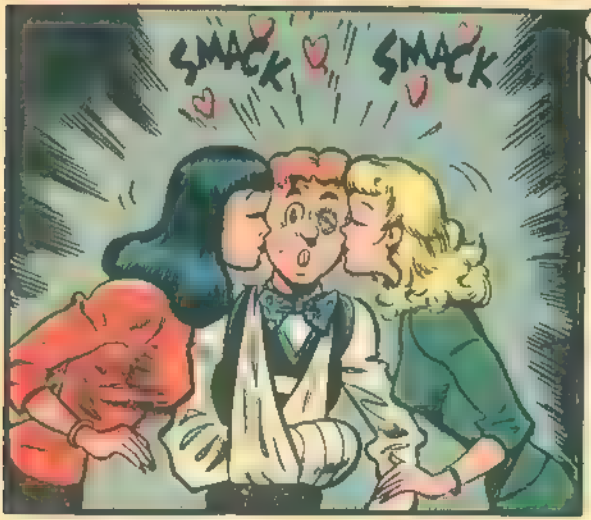

SAY! YOU'RE TERRIFIC! YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I NEED ON MY TEAM FOR TONIGHT'S MATCH WITH HILLDALE!
GULP
TWEET TWEET TWEET
THAT NIGHT
THE RIVAL HILLDALE TEAM ARRIVES..
JUGHEAD! DO I H..HAFTA F.. FIGHT THEM?
NAH! THOSE GUYS ARE PROBABLY IN THE HEAVY. WEIGHT CLASS!
YOU'RE PROBABLY A LIGHT WEIGHT! WHADDA YOU WEIGH, ARCH?
ABOUT 132, GUESS! S'THAT GOOD?
PERFECT! IF YOU WERE OVER 135, YOU'D BE A MIDDLEWEIGHT! AND, BOY! THAT'S A TOUGH DIVISION!
BOY! WHAT A RELIEF!
AM I GLAD I DIDN'T EAT LUNCH TODAY!
WELL, S'LONG, JUG! GOTTA WEIGH IN NOW!
135? NEXT!
GULP!
HIYA PAL! THEY TELL ME YOU, AN' I ARE MATCHED IN THE PRELIMINARIES!
OOOO... IT MAY BE THE PRELIMINARIES FOR HIM... BUT I THINK IT'S GONNA BE THE FINALS FOR ME!

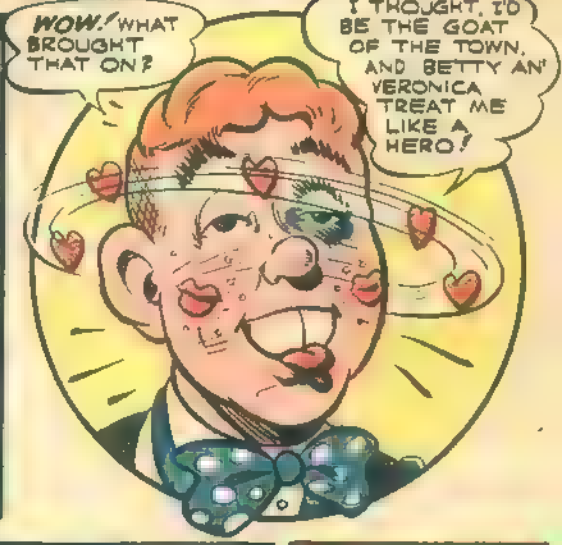

THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL, ARCH! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS COUNT THREE.. THEN LET 'IM HAVE IT!
OKAY, JUG, ONE... TWO... THREE!
BONG
ONE..
TWO..
?
THREE..!!
OOF
OOF
OOO.... ARCHIE'S GETTING MURDERED OUT THERE, PRINCIPAL WEATHERBEE!
I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME HE WAS ANOTHER JOE LOUIS, COACH LEFTJAB!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER, THAN TO THINK ARCHIE COULD DO ANYTHING RIGHT!
WHAT'S THIS?
AID
GOOD HEAVENS! ACCORDING TO THE PRESCRIPTION, ARCHIE'S PRACTICALLY BLIND WITHOUT GLASSES!
Rx Prescription for Andrews
Left eye - 20/200 right eye 25/400 (extra strong) Remedial glasses prescribed!

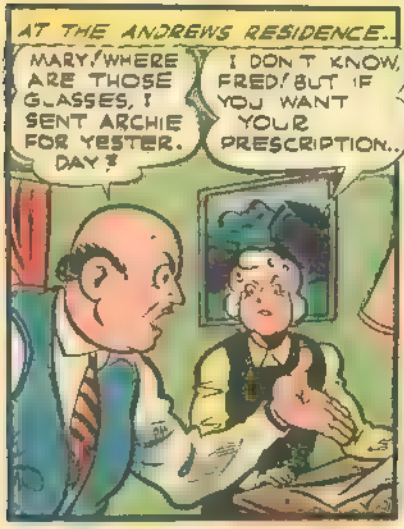
STOP THE FIGHT!
9..10.. OUT!

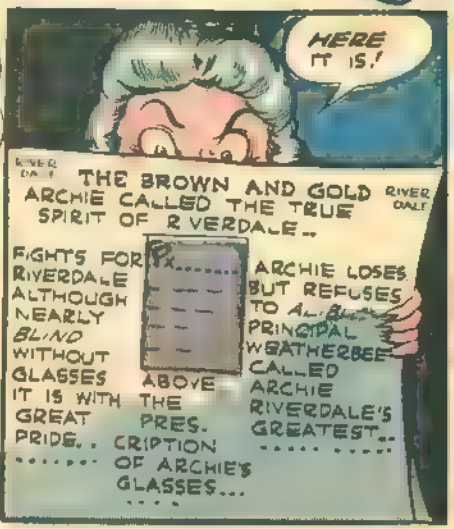
THE NEXT DAY

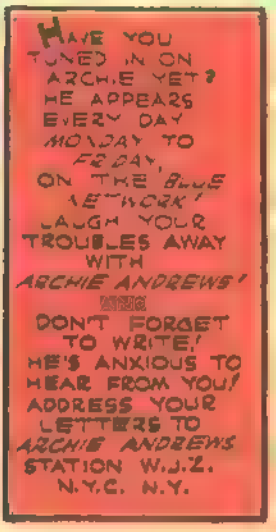

YOOHOO ARCHIE!
OH, ARCHIE!
HELP THE


SMACK
SMACK


WOW! WHAT BROUGHT THAT ON?
I THOUGHT, I'D BE THE GOAT OF THE TOWN, AND BETTY AN' VERONICA TREAT ME LIKE A HERO!

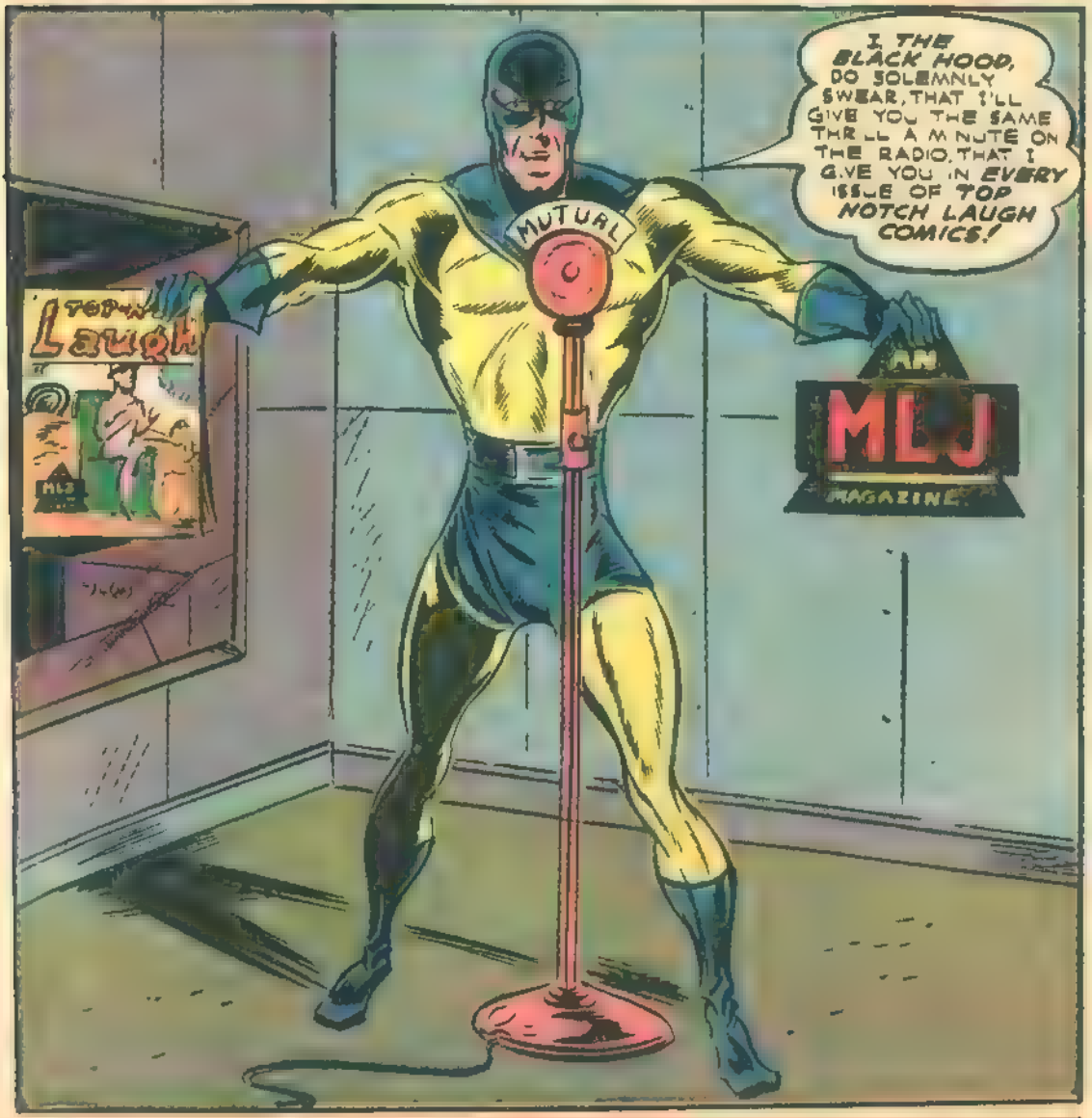

AT THE ANDREWS RESIDENCE..
MARY! WHERE ARE THOSE GLASSES, I SENT ARCHIE FOR YESTER. DAY?
I DON'T KNOW, FRED! BUT IF YOU WANT YOUR PRESCRIPTION..


HERE IT IS!
RIVER DALE
THE BROWN AND GOLD
RIVER DALE
ARCHIE CALLED THE TRUE SPIRIT OF RIVERDALE..
FIGHTS FOR RIVERDALE ALTHOUGH NEARLY BLIND WITHOUT GLASSES IT IS WITH GREAT PRIDE..
ABOVE THE PRES. CRIPTION OF ARCHIE'S GLASSES...
ARCHIE LOSES BUT REFUSES TO AL. PRINCIPAL WEATHERBEE CALLED ARCHIE RIVERDALE'S GREATEST..

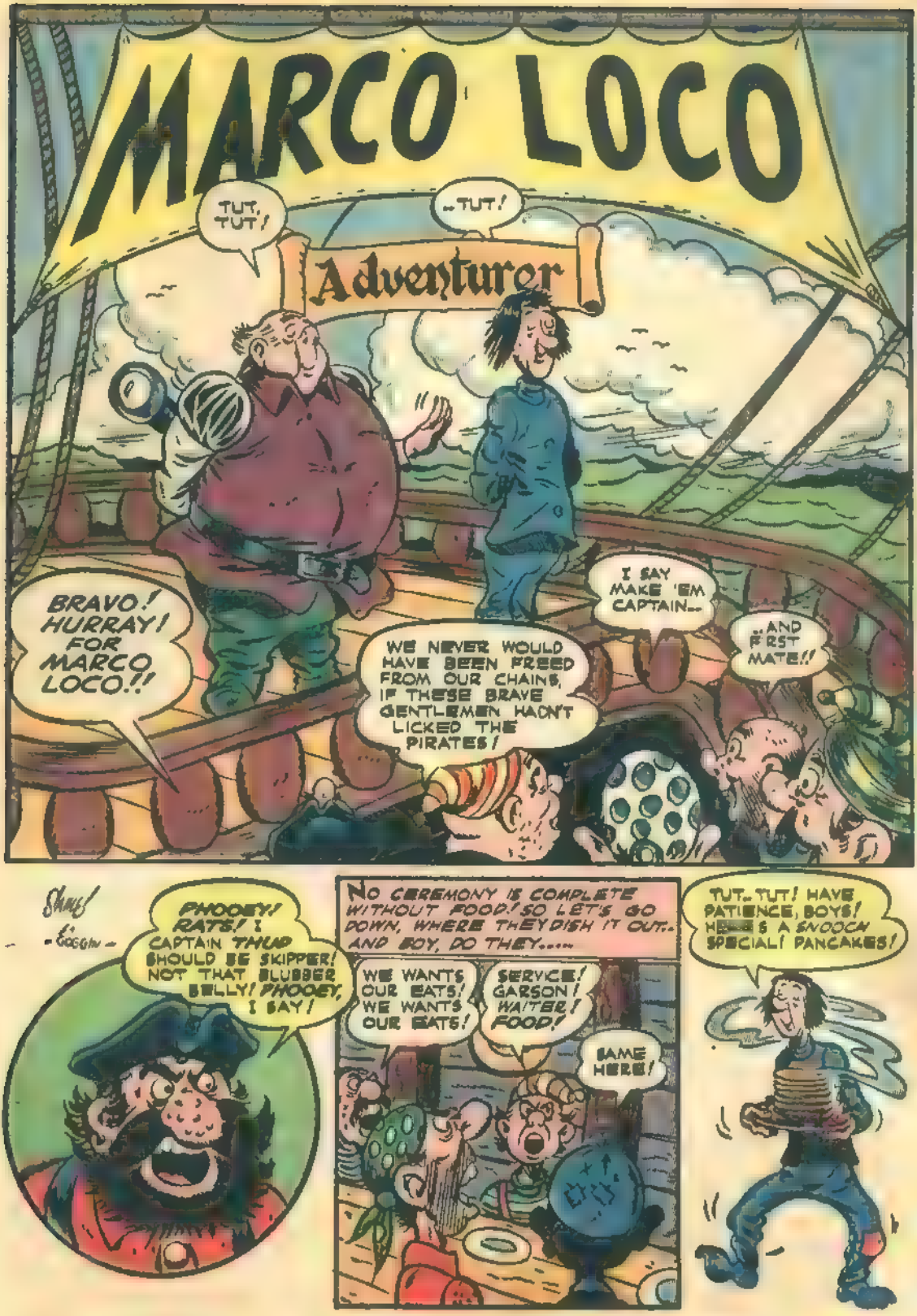

HAVE YOU TUNED IN ON ARCHIE YET? HE APPEARS EVERY DAY MONDAY TO FRIDAY, ON THE BLUE NETWORK! LAUGH YOUR TROUBLES AWAY WITH ARCHIE ANDREWS!
DON'T FORGET TO WRITE! HE'S ANXIOUS TO HEAR FROM YOU! ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO ARCHIE ANDREWS STATION W.J.Z. N.Y.C. N.Y.

THE BLACK HOOD

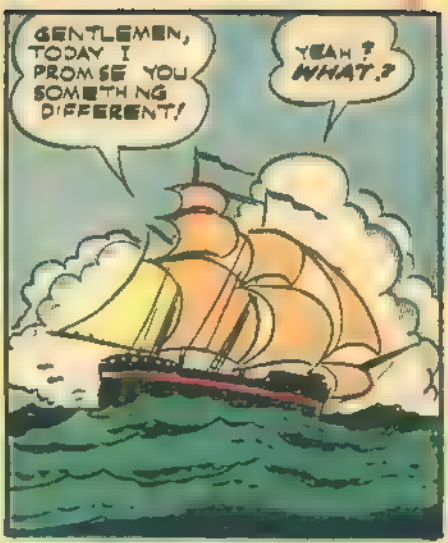
WANTS YOU TO TUNE IN ON THE W.O.R. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM.....

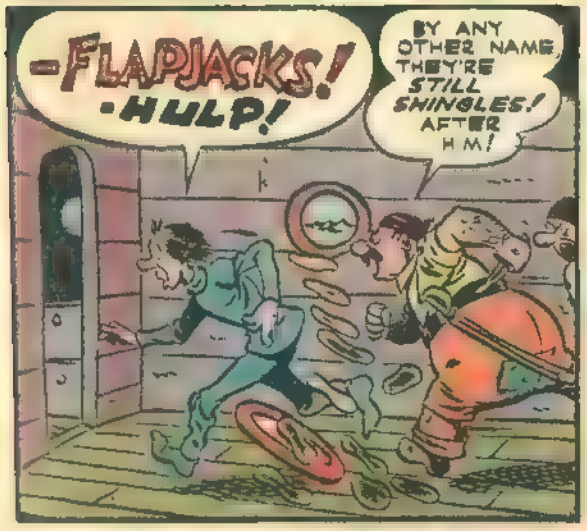

I, THE BLACK HOOD, DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR, THAT I'LL GIVE YOU THE SAME THRILL A MINUTE ON THE RADIO, THAT I GIVE YOU IN EVERY ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!
MUTUAL
TOP-NOTCH Laugh
AN MLJ MAGAZINE

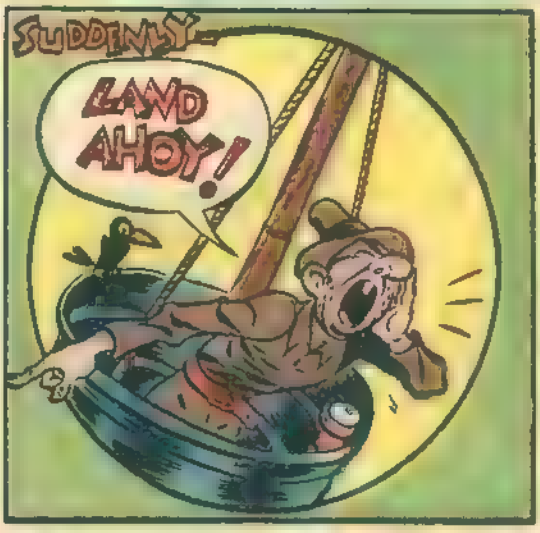
THE BLACK HOOD IS ON THE AIR EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY ON THE W.O.R.-MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM! CONSULT YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME... AND TUNE IN! A TWIST OF THE DIAL.. AND YOU'RE ON THE HIGH-ROAD TO THRILLS! SHAKES AND QUAKES! CREEPS AND SHRIEKS..WITH THE GREATEST CRIME FIGHTER OF THEM ALL..... THE BLACK HOOD! WRITE TO THE BLACK HOOD W.O.R. N.Y.C. WE'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU! AND REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE READING AN M.L.J. PUBLICATION.. YOU'RE READING THE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE MONEY CAN BUY!" ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO THE BLACK HOOD STATION W.O.R, N.Y.C. N.Y.

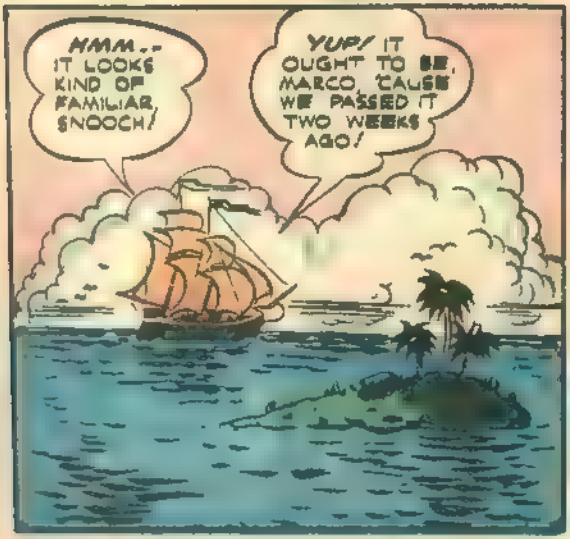

MARCO LOCO
Adventurer
TUT, TUT!
..TUT!
BRAVO! HURRAY! FOR MARCO LOCO!!
WE NEVER WOULD HAVE BEEN FREED FROM OUR CHAINS, IF THESE BRAVE GENTLEMEN HADN'T LICKED THE PIRATES!
I SAY MAKE 'EM CAPTAIN...
..AND FIRST MATE!!
PHOOEY! RATS! I CAPTAIN THUD SHOULD BE SKIPPER! NOT THAT BLUBBER BELLY! PHOOEY, I SAY!
NO CEREMONY IS COMPLETE WITHOUT FOOD! SO LET'S GO DOWN, WHERE THEY DISH IT OUT.. AND BOY, DO THEY.....
WE WANTS OUR EATS! WE WANTS OUR EATS!
SERVICE! GARSON! WAITER! FOOD!
SAME HERE!
TUT..TUT! HAVE PATIENCE, BOYS! HERE'S A SNOOCH SPECIAL! PANCAKES!

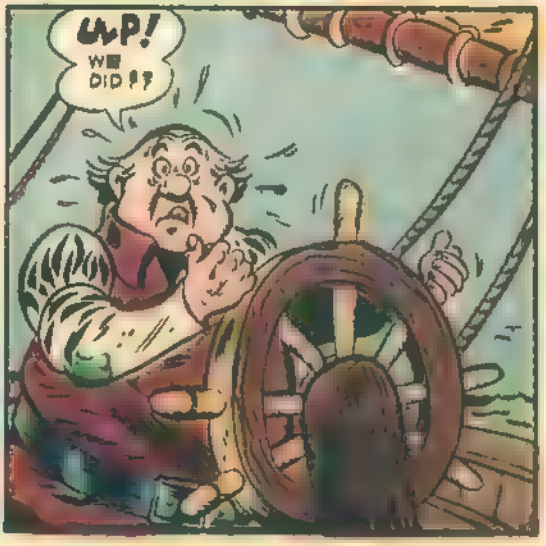
...AND SO, THE NEXT DAY AND THE ONE AFTER THAT AND THE DAY THAT FOLLOWED THE CREW ATE NOTHING BUT... PANCAKES! WHY? I SHHH..... IT SEEMS THAT SNOOCH CAN'T COOK ANYTHING ELSE...

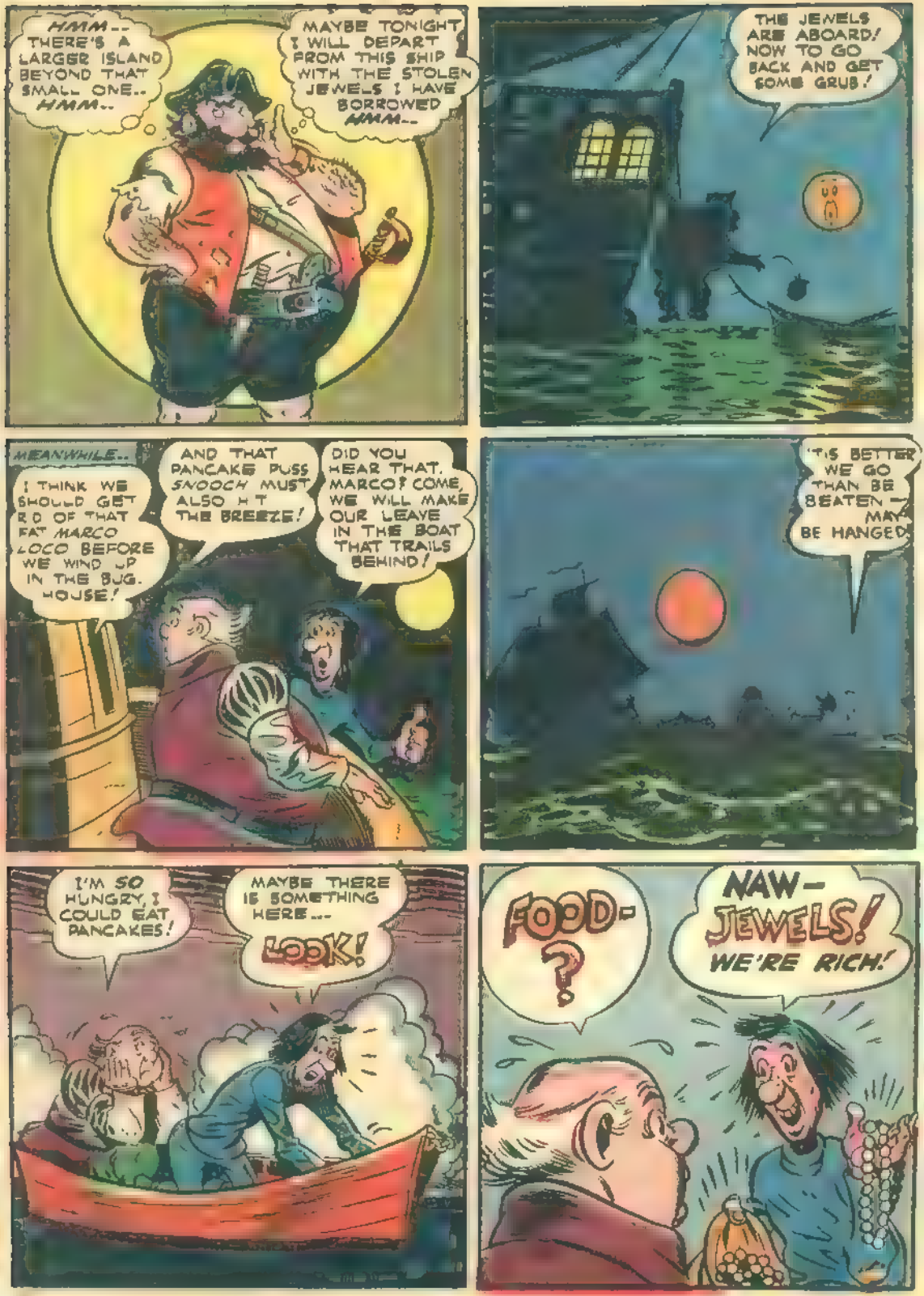


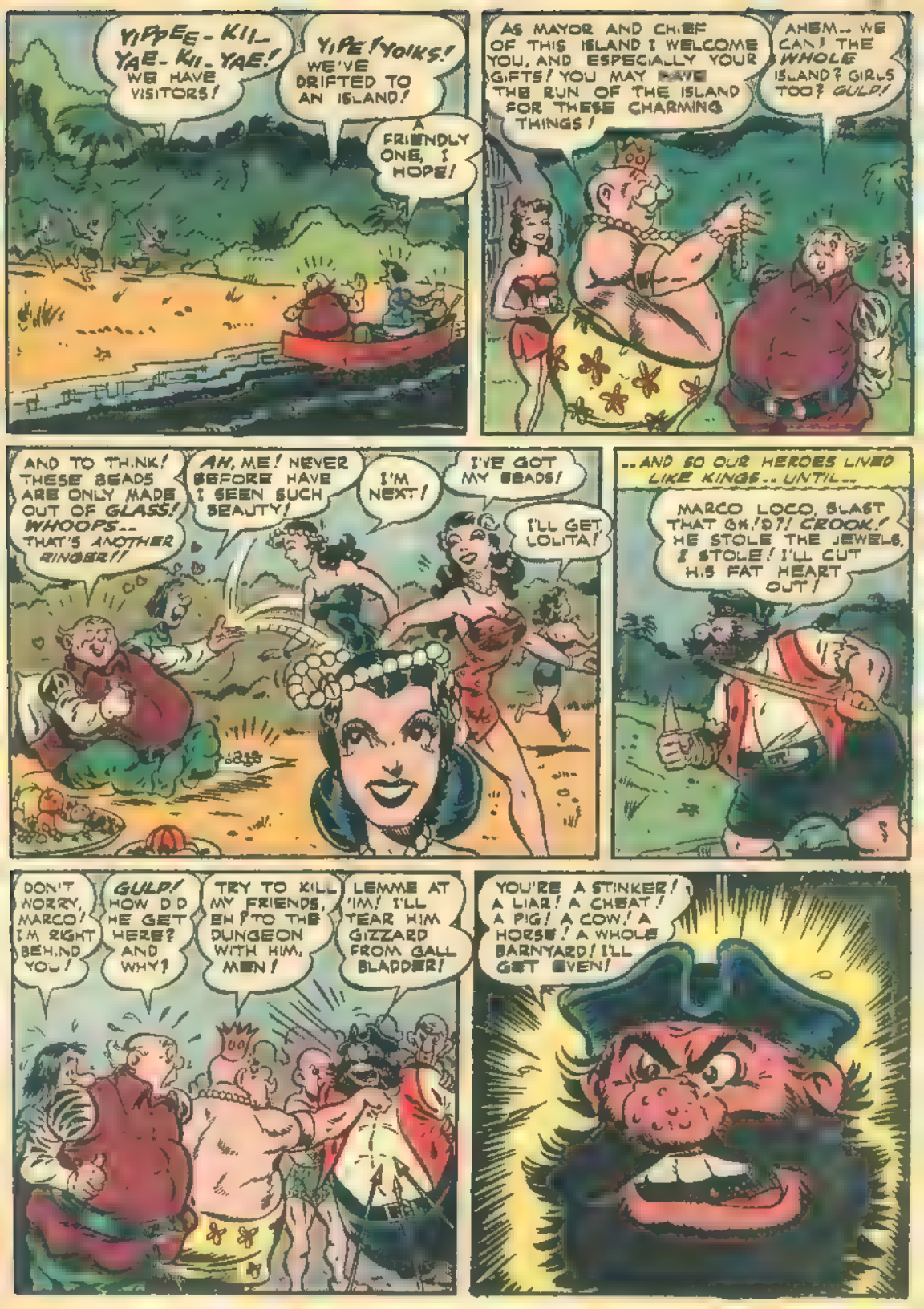


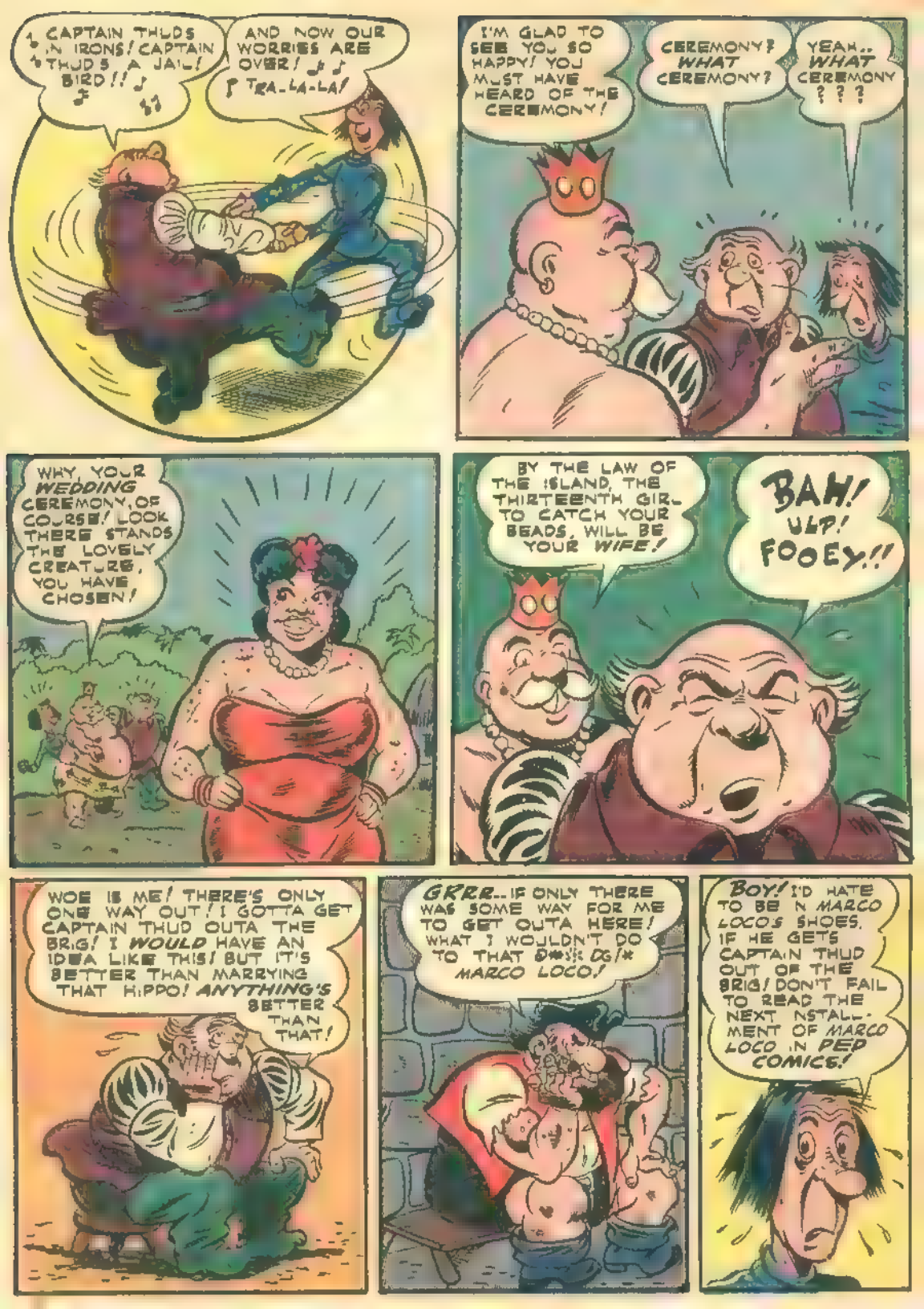







HMM-- THERE'S A LARGER ISLAND BEYOND THAT SMALL ONE.. HMM..
MAYBE TONIGHT I WILL DEPART FROM THIS SHIP WITH THE STOLEN JEWELS I HAVE BORROWED HMM...
THE JEWELS ARE ABOARD! NOW TO GO BACK AND GET SOME GRUB!
MEANWHILE..
I THINK WE SHOULD GET RD OF THAT FAT MARCO LOCO BEFORE WE WIND UP IN THE BUG. HOUSE!
AND THAT PANCAKE PUSS SNOOCH MUST ALSO H T THE BREEZE!
DID YOU HEAR THAT, MARCO? COME, WE WILL MAKE OUR LEAVE IN THE BOAT THAT TRAILS BEHIND!
'TIS BETTER WE GO THAN BE BEATEN — MAY BE HANGED
I'M SO HUNGRY, I COULD EAT PANCAKES!
MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING HERE... LOOK!
FOOD- ?
NAW- JEWELS! WE'RE RICH!


YIPPEE-KII-YAE-KI-YAE! WE HAVE VISITORS!
YIPE! YOIKS! WE'VE DRIFTED TO AN ISLAND!
A FRIENDLY ONE, I HOPE!
AS MAYOR AND CHIEF OF THIS ISLAND I WELCOME YOU, AND ESPECIALLY YOUR GIFTS! YOU MAY HAVE THE RUN OF THE ISLAND FOR THESE CHARMING THINGS!
AHEM... WE CAN? THE WHOLE ISLAND? GIRLS TOO? GULP!
AND TO THINK! THESE BEADS ARE ONLY MADE OUT OF GLASS! WHOOPS... THAT'S ANOTHER RINGER!!
AH, ME! NEVER BEFORE HAVE I SEEN SUCH BEAUTY!
I'M NEXT!
I'VE GOT MY BEADS!
I'LL GET LOLITA!
..AND SO OUR HEROES LIVED LIKE KINGS.. UNTIL..
MARCO LOCO, BLAST THAT GR!D?! CROOK! HE STOLE THE JEWELS. I STOLE! I'LL CUT H.S FAT HEART OUT!
DON'T WORRY, MARCO! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
GULP! HOW DID HE GET HERE? AND WHY?
TRY TO KILL MY FRIENDS, EH? TO THE DUNGEON WITH HIM, MEN!
LEMME AT 'IM! I'LL TEAR HIM GIZZARD FROM GALL BLADDER!
YOU'RE A STINKER! A LIAR! A CHEAT! A PIG! A COW! A HORSE! A WHOLE BARNYARD! I'LL GET EVEN!


CAPTAIN THUD'S IN IRONS! CAPTAIN THUD'S A JAIL-BIRD!!
AND NOW OUR WORRIES ARE OVER! TRA-LA-LA!
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU SO HAPPY! YOU MUST HAVE HEARD OF THE CEREMONY!
CEREMONY? WHAT CEREMONY?
YEAH.. WHAT CEREMONY???
WHY, YOUR WEDDING CEREMONY, OF COURSE! LOOK THERE STANDS THE LOVELY CREATURE, YOU HAVE CHOSEN!
BY THE LAW OF THE ISLAND, THE THIRTEENTH GIRL TO CATCH YOUR BEADS, WILL BE YOUR WIFE!
BAH! ULP! FOOEY!!
WOE IS ME! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT! I GOTTA GET CAPTAIN THUD OUTA THE BRIG! I WOULD HAVE AN IDEA LIKE THIS! BUT IT'S BETTER THAN MARRYING THAT HIPPO! ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN THAT!
GRRR.. IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY FOR ME TO GET OUTA HERE! WHAT I WOULDN'T DO TO THAT @#$%& DG/* MARCO LOCO!
BOY! I'D HATE TO BE IN MARCO LOCO'S SHOES. IF HE GETS CAPTAIN THUD OUT OF THE BRIG! DON'T FAIL TO READ THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF MARCO LOCO IN PEP COMICS!

TRIPLE-CROSS

By CHET MANNING

ORVILLE WHITTEN looped the free end of the black knit tie around the knot another time as he watched himself in the mirror of the cheap bureau. What he needed right then was one more drink. Just one more. He had to watch his step not only tonight but for the next few days. Those detectives would be nosing around if they suspected anything and he had to have his wits about him.

He went over to the shelf and took down a bottle of cheap gin.

"Here's to Courvoisier, chum," he toasted himself, naming his favorite brandy. In a short while, it would be no more of this damned gin, often pleaded for on credit at the local package store.

He scratched at a shiny spot on the cheap suit that clothed his slim body, then tossed off the drink. He slapped the glass down on his typewriter table, glared. Beside the battered portable was that latest rejection slip from an editor. "... regret that we will be unable to use your manuscript for our publications but thank you for the ..." Orville Whitten thumbed his nose at it haughtily. He would be all finished with that, too, thank God. Of course, some day he might sit down at his leisure and turn out the kind of a book of which he was easily capable. But he wouldn't have to keep pushing out those damned pot-boilers to eat and go around licking the boots of those sneering editors.

He walked over for a fresh cigaret, passing the thick black curtain across the little ell that served him as a dark room. Yes, and when things were different, he would have a real photographic lab set up in his new apartment. He slid into his cheap trench-style raincoat, buckled it, surveyed himself in the mirror again. Yeah, and he'd have one of those real smart three-hundred-and-fifty-buck camelhair sports coats, too.

Oh, he had it all planned out. When a man knows, simply knows, a thing is going to happen, he makes plans. He went to a bureau drawer, drew out one of those inexpensive metal strong-boxes you buy at drugstores, unlocked it, and drew a gun from the wad of cloth inside. It was a Police Positive.

"'Oh, it's murder, he says,'" he hummed a snatch from the song-hit as he went out.

It was chill and it was drizzling slightly with the river traffic honking away out in the haze. But Orville Whitten ignored the weather. He was too exhilarated. "Murder's a tonic," he muttered.

He caught a bus and moved halfway down the aisle and gave the hot eye to a dyed blonde. Then he remembered that very shortly he wouldn't waste time looking at something like her. Not with what he would have in his pocket. At midtown, he paced around the terminal until the suburban coach swung in, unable to stand still. He felt like a chap at a dance waiting for the music to start.

And this time he was calling the tune. He wasn't going out to old Uncle Edson's to kowtow around and laugh at the old goat's stupid stories and then obsequiously lead up to a small touch. He was going out there to kill him. Orville felt the form of the gun in his coat pocket beneath his raincoat. The gun belonged to his uncle.

So, he had the gun, a gun that could only be traced to the dead man, when he was dead. Then there was the day, Wednesday. That was the day the old woman who kept Uncle Edson's house took the night off and went home to stay with relatives. So there would be no witnesses to even know he had been there.

Then there was the letter. He had it in his inside pocket now. The letter, the bitingly sarcastic letter Uncle Edson had written him in reply to his note that he was so desperate that if he didn't get money he was about ready to take his own life. Uncle Edson had ironically called his attention to the fact that the New York State legal code no longer considered it a crime for a man to take his own life. A man's life belongs to him, Uncle Edson had written. There was one line that was a beauty, for his plans at least, Orville remembered. "What I say is," Uncle Edson had written, "that when a man gets tired of the struggle on this earthly sphere at any time, it is his privilege to discontinue his tenure thereon when he wishes." That was a honey. When the police saw that on top of the picture of the old boy slumped over his desk with a bullet in his head and one of his own guns lying beside him. . . .

And he had applied the clincher himself with his phone call to Uncle Edson that afternoon.

"I know how I can raise some money—a good chunk, if I can show I'm your heir," he had told his uncle over the wire.

"And who the devil says you are?" Edson had come back.

Orville hadn't been too worried. He was the only relative old Edson had left, anyway. "I don't know. But if I am, if I can show proof and you'll back me up, I can get hold of enough to pay you back what I owe you," he had applied the clincher.

"Oh." Uncle Edson had appeared to think for some little time. Then he had said, "All right. Suppose you drop out to see me this evening—after dinner."

Which fixed it up to the crossing of the last "t." Uncle Edson would take the will out of his wall safe, prove to him he was named as sole heir, return the will very carefully and then—powie! Uncle Edson would just be a police case sprawled at his own desk. A case that would go down in the records as "suicide."

Edson Whitten pattered out again into the serving pantry in his brocade dressing gown. The stage was very nicely set, he decided.

He slid aside a Vermouth bot-

tle a moment and smiled benignly at the labelless decanter behind it. In that cut-glass decanter was a nice dose of potassium cyanide. He had picked it up that time some weeks ago when he had paid an unexpected call on his nephew, Orville. Dear Orville had passed out cold when he was ready to leave, so he had borrowed a fair amount of the cyanide from his photographic supplies without his knowledge.

After all, this little idea of homicide had been flitting around in the back of Edson's head for some months. Ever since he fully realized the twin facts that dear Orville never would be able to pay back the hundreds he had lent him over the years and that the bank would foreclose the mortgage on his home when it came due. He couldn't pay it, of course.

Those little secret sins of his ate up money, more money than Edson had realized. Bookmakers always demand payment in full on the last losses before you could lay another bet. And even those girls in the second-rate nightclubs could swig down a lot of highballs and get ideas about what would make a nice gift from Daddy. No, few people, much less Orville, were aware of it. But Edson Whitten was flat broke.

He wouldn't be for long though. He hummed to the tune on the radio in the front room. The number was "Black Magic." Edson repeated the words of the refrain after the singing star. "'Down and down, I go. . . .'" Round and Round, I go. . . .'"

Edson felt so good he made himself up a quick one, fingers caressing the stopper of the cyanide carafe once or twice. It was all so simple. There was a little matter of that insurance policy he had taken out on Orville's life a few years ago. By mutual agreement, of course, with him as the beneficiary. So everything was all right. It was for a nice cosy ten thousand. The idea, when they agreed on it, was for the policy to protect Uncle Edson against any loss in view of dear Orville's demise.

That policy was the setup. The rest was a mere matter of details that had almost worked themselves out. Orville calling up for an appointment on his housekeeper's night off. The cyanide he had borrowed from dear Orville. Then that desperate money-begging letter from Orville just a short while ago. One line in it was a beauty. "Unless I can procure some financial aid at once—and you are my only hope—I am afraid there is no sense in my keeping up this vain existence. I am ready to take my own life. . . ."

There. That was the clincher. Now, all he had to do was shoot dear Orville his little Cyanide Blossom Special, put the body in the car out back, drive him home, and tote him up the stairs.

The doorbell rang. It was Orville. "Five minutes late, too," Uncle Edson tch-tched as he passed through the living room.

Things went over very smoothly. Orville said the place looked black as sin, as if there were nobody home, coming down the road. Which was just the impression Uncle Edson wanted the neighbors to get.

"Well, I have these heavy shades and draperies pulled, Orville. You never can tell when one of those blasted blackouts will come. And—of course, there's always the danger of raiders sweeping in with no blackout warning. So—your Uncle Edson is prepared."

"You're right, at that," Orville agreed. "And I am, uncle," he added under his breath, keeping a hand in that side pocket where he had the gun to hide the bump of it.

Uncle Edson was even pleasant about bringing out the will. He showed dear Orville where he was named sole heir. "That's that. Now, how about a little drink."

Uncle Edson sat down and his hand shook a little as he reached for his cocktail glass. A good stiff jolt would make it easier for him to go through with the job. Then his eyes strayed to the clock dial and reflected in it he saw what was coming. Orville was sliding over behind him with a gun.

Uncle Edson's glass slipped from his fingers and spilled its contents across the blotter. Then the gun muzzle was at the side of his head.

"All right." Orville had a shaky laugh in the back of his throat. "Get yourself a drink before you leave this world, uncle."

Edson sat rigid. "No—no thanks," he said. He knew any pleading would have been wasted. Knew because he realized his nephew was just as cold-bloodedly intent on murder as he had been.

Something snapped in Orville. Perhaps it was the result of the years of boot-licking and figuratively salaaming to this uncle. Now, this last time he was going to have his way. "Take my drink, uncle!" he said, throat dry. "Take it, I tell you! Take it!"

"No—n-no," Edson gargled, knowing what was in that drink.

Edson Whitten's chalk-hued hand moved out. But Orville beat him to it. He grabbed up the still filled cocktail glass, put it to his uncle's mouth, and barked, "Drink, you old fool!"

Edson Whitten drank it in a gulp. Maybe it was better than being shot. And even as the poison grabbed at his vitals like writhing hot serpents, the phone jangled. He had forgotten to plug up the bell with tissue as he had planned, his excuse in the morning if anybody had tried to reach him.

He grabbed the phone. Then the crisp voice of an operator was coming over the wire. "Excuse it, please. A mistake—"

"Mis-take!" shrieked Edson into the mouthpiece as his vitals were wracked by the poison. He fought for breath. "My nephew—murdered m-me—cyanide p-poison—from his photo laboratory . . . murder . . . police. . . ." And then he was down out of the chair on the floor as the stunned Orville grabbed for the instrument.

The operator's voice was yelling stridently from the other end. Orville knew it was too late as he saw his dying uncle cease his paroxysms at his feet.

"'It's murder, he says,'" he muttered thin-voiced. His uncle had been out to murder him. But now he himself was caught in the very trap set for him. The police would never believe—

Orville Whitten placed the muzzle of the Police Positive against his own temple and pulled the trigger. . . .

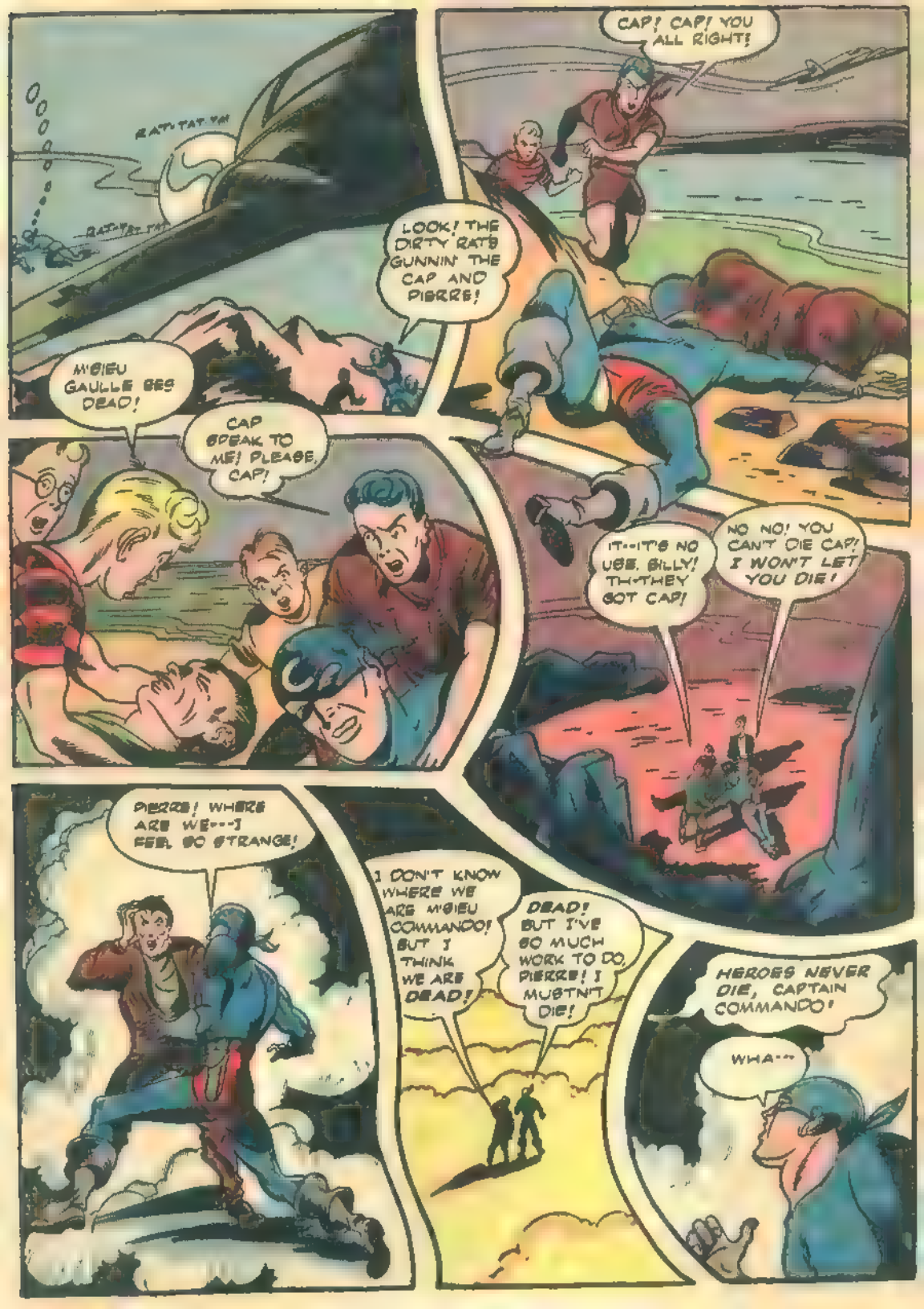
CAPTAIN COMMANDO
and the BOY SOLDIERS
in
HEROES NEVER DIE
THIS IS A SCENE HITLER WOULD GIVE TEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE TO SEE !! CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS LINED UP BEFORE A NAZI FIRING SQUAD! BUT EVEN WERE THIS TO HAPPEN, IT WOULD NOT DO THE FUEHRER ANY GOOD! FOR THIS TALE WILL PROVE TO YOU THAT HEROES NEVER DIE !!

NIGHT! AND A GROUP OF FIGURES SLIP THRU THE SHADOWS ALONG THE BEACH SOMEWHERE ON THE FRENCH COAST...
NOW I GIVE THE SIGNAL! VOILA! AND PRAY THAT OUR RENDEZVOUS IS KEPT!
PIERRE WHAT IF THEY DO NOT COME WITH THE GUNS AND AMMUNITION!
SACRÉ BLEU! THEN WE OF THE UNDERGROUND WILL CONTINUE TO FIGHT WITH OUR BARE HANDS IF NEED BE!
THERE IT IS, LADS! OUR SIGNAL! LOOKS LIKE EVERY-THING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!
SUDDEN-LY A BEAM OF LIGHT STABS THE DARKNESS EX-POSING THE MEN!
DON'T MOVE, SCHWEIN!
SO! OUR LITTLE TRAP HAS CAUGHT PIERRE GAULLE LEADER OF DER FRENCH UNDER-GROUND! VERY NICE!

TURN AROUND, SCUM! MACH SCHNELL!
BANG
BANG
COWARDS! SONS OF JACKALS! WHY DO YOU NOT SHOOT ME TOO!
NEIN, HERR GAULLE!
YOU ARE MUCH MORE VALUABLE TO DER GESTAPO ALIFE! YOU UNDERSTAND!
ABRUPTLY A HAIL OF DEATH SCATTERS OUT OF THE DARKNESS AMONG THE NAZIS!
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT TAT
ZING
ZING
NICE GOIN, CAP! YER KNOCKIN' 'EM DOWN LIKE CLAY PIGEONS!
THAT'S A FEW LESS NAZIS WHO'LL SHOOT PEOPLE IN THE BACK FLATBUSH!

COMMANDOS! I MUST GE- AWAY!!
CAP! LOOK! THE HEAD KRAUT IS DUCK'N' OUT ON US!
BOYOBOY! WOT A CHANCE TO GIVE ME PITCHIN' ARM A WOK-OUT!
WID DE COMPLIMENTS O DE BROOKLYN DODGERS, YUH NAZI BUM!!
BOOM!
STRIKE!
THAT JUST ABOUT CLEANS THEM UP M'SIEUR GAULLE! TOO BAD YOUR COMRADES HAD TO DIE!
NON, M'SIEUR COMMANDO! THEY DID NOT DIE! YOU SEE, WE LOVERS OF FREEDOM HAVE A PECULIAR PHILOSOPHY ABOUT HEROES!
WITH US HEROES NEVER DIE!!

WELL, ANYWAY, WE GOT THESE ARMS THROUGH SAFELY! LET'S UNLOAD!
A NAZI PLANE! DUCK BEHIND THOSE ROCKS! THEY'RE STRAFING US!
ROAR
WHAT'S THAT?
M'S EUR COMMANDO! LOOK! THEY HAVE SEEN THE BOAT!
BOOM!
FILTHY BOCHE! HOW I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON YOU! I'D ----
PIERRE! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? COME BACK!
DOWN PERRE' DOWN! THEY'RE COMING FOR US!!


RAT-TAT-TAT!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
LOOK! THE DIRTY RAT'S GUNNIN' THE CAP AND PIERRE!
CAP! CAP! YOU ALL RIGHT!
M'SIEU GAULLE SES DEAD!
CAP SPEAK TO ME! PLEASE, CAP!
IT--IT'S NO USE, BILLY! TH-THEY GOT CAP!
NO NO! YOU CAN'T DIE CAP! I WON'T LET YOU DIE!
PIERRE! WHERE ARE WE---I FEEL SO STRANGE!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE M'SIEU COMMANDO! BUT I THINK WE ARE DEAD!
DEAD! BUT I'VE SO MUCH WORK TO DO, PIERRE! I MUSTN'T DIE!
HEROES NEVER DIE, CAPTAIN COMMANDO!
WHA---

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM! WHO ARE YOU!
I AM SOMEONE WHO THOUGHT AS YOU DO, NOW! THAT I DIED BEFORE MY WORK WAS DONE!
THEY HANGED ME, THOSE NAZIS DID! HANGED ME IN A TOWN YOU MAY REMEMBER -- LIDICE!
I WAS A SIMPLE PEASANT WHO HAD THE HONOR OF BEING THE UNDERGROUND LEADER OF OUR TOWN! THEY CAUGHT ME AND HANGED ME! AND THOUGHT THEY WERE DONE WITH ME!
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO THE REST OF YOU SWINE! CEASE RESISTANCE OR HIS FATE WILL BE YOURS!
WELL-- THAT SHOULD IMPRESS THE SCUM, EH, HANS! THEY WON'T DARE LIFT A FINGER AGAINST US NOW!
JA, HERR KOMMANDANT! THEY'LL CO-OPERATE, I'M SURE!
BOOM
YOU SEE CAP-TAIN, THERE WERE OTHERS WHO CARRIED ON--IN MY MEMORY! MY NAME! FOR EVERY ONE OF US WHO DIE, A THOUSAND SPRING UP TO TAKE OUR PLACE!

SUDDENLY ANOTHER SPIRIT APPEARS----
THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN COMMANDO! I CAN VOUCH FOR THAT!
MY STORY IS NOT UNLIKE THE CZECHO-SLOVAKIANS! I WAS A GREEK PEASANT! I, TOO, RESISTED THE FASCIST BEAST! I, TOO, WAS CAUGHT, BUT I WAS NOT SO FORTUNATE! THEY GAVE ME NO QUICK DEATH! FOR ME IT WAS THE TORTURE RACK!
TELL US, YOU FILTHY LOUT!
MY HUSBAND! THEY'RE TEARING HIM TO PIECES!
GET AWAY! YOU CAN'T GO IN!
NEVER... OWOOO...
HIS SCREAMS--- STOPPED! HE--HE'S DEAD--OOOOOO...
HA-HA-HA!
YES I WAS DEAD BUT IN BODY ONLY! FOR THAT NIGHT-
A SQUADRON OF R.A.F. BOMBERS! HEADED THIS WAY!
GOTT IN HIMMEL! THE PEASANTS FIELDS ALL ABOUT US ARE ON FIRE!
THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, HERR LIEUTENANT! IN THIS DARKNESS THEY'LL NEVER SEE OUR CONCEALED AMMUNITION DUMP!
IT IS LIGHTING UP OUR STOREHOUSE AS IF IT WERE DAYLIGHT!

YES, MY OWN PEOPLE HAD SET FIRE TO THEIR FIELDS TO SERVE AS A BEACON FOR THE BOMBERS! SO YOU SEE--I DID NOT REALLY DIE! NOR WILL I EVER DIE WHILE THERE IS A TYRANT ON OUR SOIL!
COME, M'SIEUR COMMANDO! IT IS TIME FOR US TO GO!
I-I'M TRYING TO PIERRE--BUT SOMETHING'S HOLDING ME BACK!
A VOICE REACHING THRU SPACE! A VOICE I CANT RE-SIST!
CAP CAP
I'M COMING! I'M COMING!
CAP CAP
CAP! CAP! LOOK! HIS EYES ARE OPENING! CAP'S ALIVE! ALIVE!
IT'S A MIRACLE!
HELLO, BILLY--WH-- WHERE AM I?
(GULP) YOU'RE ALIVE, CAP! THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS! EVERYBODY BUT-- BUT WE GAVE YOU UP FOR DEAD!
NO, PERCY! YOU'RE WRONG! PIERRE GAULLE WAS A HERO--- AND HEROES NEVER DIE!
YEAH! BILLY WOULDN'T LEAVE YER BED-SIDE, CAP!
OUI--AFTER WE BUILD THE RAFT AND BRING YOU AND M'SIEUR GAULLE BACK, BEELLY KEEP CALLING YOUR NAME OVER AND OVER AS THOUGH HE WEESH TO CALL YOU BACK FROM THE GRAVE!
TOO BAD THEY COULDN'T SAVE THAT GAULLE CHAP, CAP! HE DIED!

HELP UNCLE SAM
—make official PLANE models

SOME KNIFE! AND THE BLADES ARE SO EASY TO RENEW, TOO!
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OO, GEE, DAD — THANKS A MILLION!
SURE, SON HERE'S THE MONEY. YOU'LL SERVE UNCLE SAM RIGHT NOW!
BOY, WHAT A PLANE! HOW'D YU MAKE IT?
CINCH! I USED AN X-ACTO SET — FOR SPEED AND ACCURACY!

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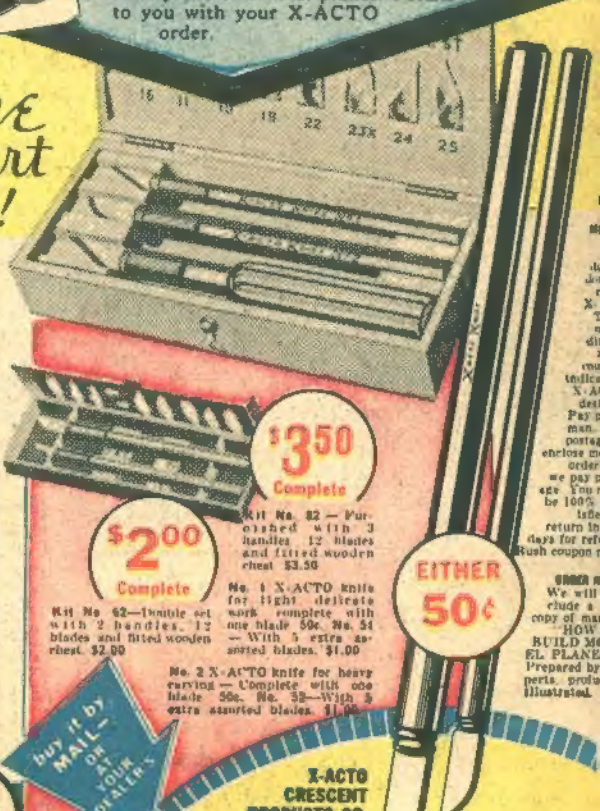

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